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Events of the Week.

It seems clear that some undercurrent or eddy of influence or pressure is still carrying Mr. George away from peace with Russia. The disingenuous ultimatum issued three weeks ago from Lucerne has now been followed by the virtual expulsion of Mr. Kamenev from England, and the suspension of negotiations. Even as formulated by Mr. George himself the charges against Mr. Kamenev are far from convincing, for to take the question of the Bolshevik subsidy to the "Daily Herald," Mr. Kamenev might, as a high Russian official, have had knowledge of its existence, and yet have played no part in negotiating it. The charges, based on the reports of police agents, have been categorically denied by Mr. Kamenev, and Mr. George has reduced the public life of the country to such a pass that a Minister can no longer hope to have his word accepted without substantial proof of its accuracy. The belief that a case is being made for a further suspension of negotiations, and possibly for their complete breakdown, is strengthened by the fourth charge that "Mr. Kamenev had deliberately misled the British Government in regard to the civic militia clauses of the armistice with Poland." The reply of the Soviet Government with regard to the civic militia clauses was received by the Foreign Office and the Prime Minister on August 26th. We are therefore asked to believe that only after seventeen days' meditation Mr. George has come to see that Mr. Kamenev's conduct in August makes it impossible for him to continue negotiations with the Soviet Government.

MR. GEORGE's policy, like the style of some great writers, grows with age ever more complicated and tortuous, and we no longer pretend to ourselves that we understand the causes or intentions of its individual twists and turns. One feature in the elaborate shiftiness of this manœuvre against Mr. Kamenev was more than usually inexplicable. If the accounts of the Prime

Minister's interview with the Russian Mission, which appeared on Monday morning in the newspapers, be compared, it will be seen that those papers which are opposed to peace with Russia agree in giving a version completely different from that given by papers in favor of peace. The "Times" and "Morning Post" represented the interview as quite amicable. Mr. Lloyd George wanted explanations on the "Daily Herald" matter; Mr. Kamenev would go to Moscow and ascertain the views of his Government; he would certainly return. But if you turn to the "Daily Herald" and the "Daily News" you learn that Mr. Kamenev was personally accused and abused, that he was virtually called a liar to his face, and told to go, with an intimation that he would not be allowed to return. Now, the curious thing is that the latter version obviously came from the Russian Mission and has proved to be true, while the "Times" and "Morning Post" version must have come from the British Government and has proved to be untrue. That, in itself, is not, perhaps, any cause for surprise; but it is remarkable that Mr. George should take a course calculated to make the anti-Bolsheviks of the "Times" and "Morning Post" believe that he was not breaking with the Soviet Mission when, in fact, he was doing so, and when he must have known that the readers of Liberal and Labor papers, at any rate, would learn the truth.

THERE is no doubt that tremendous efforts are being made on all sides by the French, by Wrangel, and by the swarms of *émigrés*, to prevent the resumption of trade with Russia and to drag this and other countries into a war on Bolshevism. General Baratv, an emissary of Wrangel, has arrived in this country, although the Russian trade unionists are forbidden. Meanwhile the French are occupied in giving active assistance to Wrangel and are forwarding to him considerable quantities of munitions from Roumania. The French Government has also sent a telegram to Moscow which appears to be a prelude to or pretext for still more active "intervention." A question with regard to the repatriation of prisoners is used as the occasion for a threat that France will be "constrained to employ the French fleet in Southern Russia to secure the necessary guarantees." At the same time much trouble is being taken to convince a sceptical world that Wrangel is a fervent democrat. These attempts at propaganda should be viewed in the light of an article in "The New Republic" by Mr. Hibben, a correspondent of the "Chicago Tribune," who has recently returned from Transcaucasia. According to Mr. Hibben, General Wrangel is a Tsarist of the Tsarists, and his purpose can be described as "to deprive the proletariat of the freedom they have won in the Revolution."

ALL these signs are so ominous that the apparent clearness in that portion of the political sky which embraces the Russian-Polish negotiations fills us with increased suspicion and misgiving. After repeated delays the Polish delegation appears to be really upon its way to Riga. From the most bellicose and reactionary quarters in France and Britain, adjurations to be pacific, to be moderate, to be sane, are showered upon her. And

it does not stop at the advice: we are told, indeed, that the advice has already been accepted, that Poland only wants peace and a guarantee of her independence, and that Riga will only be a test of the genuineness of the Soviet Government's honesty and pacifism. We have an uncomfortable feeling that these pacifists of the Quai d'Orsay and Printing House-square protest too much. It would be a delicate stratagem, not entirely new in the history of war and peace, to stage a Conference in which Poland has yielded all in her fervent desire for peace before she goes to Riga, and then everything breaks down over the imperialism, the dishonesty, and the fierce desire for war of Soviet Russia. Nor is such news as trickles through from Warsaw very reassuring. Statements as to the nature of the Polish terms are of the utmost possible vagueness, particularly with regard to the question of frontiers. In fact, the ominous suggestion is made that the Polish delegation will refuse to discuss the question of frontiers and will confine itself to the question of an "armistice line." It is also stated, in quarters friendly to Poland, that no Pole believes in the possibility of a peace which "will allow of the demobilization of the army or any delay in the campaign of preparedness to meet any future Bolshevik aggression. What is felt is that it will give the Poles breathing time . . ."

THERE are, of course, real differences of opinion in Warsaw, both with regard to Russia and Lithuania. The Lithuanian question is of great importance in the present situation, particularly as there is a party in the Polish Government very determined to incorporate Vilna in Poland. It is, perhaps, so much to the good that the Lithuanian-Polish question will now come before the Council of the League of Nations. Yet the League itself has passed a turning-point in the last week which makes it incumbent for its supporters to consider carefully their position towards it, and its use as an instrument in international affairs. We commented last week upon the Franco-Belgian military convention, then upon the point of ratification. It has since been ratified, and it is now definitely reported that both the signatory Governments have refused to communicate it to the League of Nations. This is, of course, a flagrant breach by France and Belgium of Article 18 of the Treaty and Covenant which they signed. It is a public announcement that these two States do not intend to comply with their obligations under the League. The League therefore becomes more than an innocuous farce; it is a dangerous sham, to be used only when it may serve as the instrument for some international intrigue. Those who have hitherto supported the League as an imperfect precursor of a better international system must reconsider their position. It is one thing to form part of a feeble and crippled League; it is a very different thing to remain a member of a League in which powerful States openly refuse to comply with the obligations they have assumed towards it and their co-members.

At the time of writing it looks as though the climax of the coal dispute will be reached next week. The inevitability of a strike is certainly not yet admissible. The danger of conflict lies in the belief of the Government, on the one hand, that the miners will not go forward to a strike without substantially modifying their demands, and of the miners, on the other, that the Government will make a counter-suggestion before the fateful September 25th arrives. Both Sir Robert Horne and the miners' leaders have so far committed themselves on the claim for reduction in price that it is difficult for either to approach the other again on this subject. If

direct overtures are not made within the next few days the need for third party intervention will be imperative. This effort will probably come from the leaders on the industrial and political sides of the Labor movement.

THE situation has not materially altered since the deadlock at the last interview between Sir Robert Horne and the miners' executive. Sir Robert apparently shared Mr. Herbert Smith's view that matters had been made worse by the discussion, because during the week-end he issued a very aggressive statement based on the menace of an industrial strike for political reasons. On Wednesday a convenient correspondent opened for the Prime Minister a way for intervention. Mr. Lloyd George gave a characteristic pledge that, while it was the considered policy of the Government gradually to free the coal industry from control, they intended to retain "some form" of control of pithead prices for export tonnage "so long as the present discrepancy continues between the export price and the home price," and until "the export price approximates much more closely to the home price." This pledge might mean anything or nothing a year hence, when control would cease automatically if the Government took no further action to continue it.

THE statistics of the industry for the June quarter show a surplus of only £1,400,000. But no reliable inferences can be drawn from these figures, because the 14s. 2d. increase on domestic coal and the 4s. 2d. on industrial coal did not operate until May 12th. Like all State statistics of the newer Georgian order, the Government's calculation that the normal quarterly surplus will be £8,000,000 is open to suspicion, and ought to be supported by detailed figures. If the estimate is proved, the miners would have to admit the necessity for reducing their claim, even if they maintained their right to press their demand to participate in the fixing of prices. On this matter no authoritative expression of opinion has yet been made, either by the Triple Alliance or any other Labor organization. But they must clearly speak for peace before a plunge is taken over the precipice, not so much because anyone wants to fall over it, but because neither party likes to stop first.

SIMLA and the India Office cannot minimize the gravity of the resolution passed at the special sitting of the Indian National Congress in Calcutta. By an overwhelming majority the delegates endorsed the policy of non-co-operation with the Government, thus in effect nominating Mr. Gandhi to the political leadership of the Indian people. The scheme of action recommended is peculiar. The renunciation of titles and honorary offices is put first, and the abandonment of their profession by the lawyers comes before the obvious expedient of boycotting the new Councils, which are to be elected this autumn. Other proposals are a refusal to have anything to do with service, civil or military, in any part of the occupied Moslem world, and as a last resort the refusal to pay taxes. The strongest speeches were made denouncing the Turkish Treaty, and, of course, the Amritsar atrocity. The recall of the Viceroy was demanded, and the bringing to trial of all the civil officers concerned in the Punjab terrorism last year. The European correspondents jeer at the non-co-operation resolution, while recognizing the significance of the Hindu-Moslem alliance. It is, however, absurd to accuse Mr. Gandhi of having packed the Congress: his personal following could not swamp 5,000 delegates. The force of the resolution would seem to depend upon the scope of Mr. Gandhi's influence, which is admittedly immense.

THE elections in Maine precede by two months the Presidential vote of November. They have this week brought a complete triumph to the Republicans, but in effect the result is nothing more than an inevitable underlining of the fact that 1920 is, barring sensational accidents, a Republican year. Maine being immovably Republican, Mr. Cox has been making something of an impression in New England. He is stumping the country with vigor, while his opponent conducts a porch campaign from his home in Ohio. The point of importance in the international question is not that Mr. Harding is wobbling in the direction of the League Covenant, but that Mr. Cox is himself not standing for full Wilsonian ratification. That is to say, there cannot be any clear issue on the Treaty and League before the electorate. Everything goes to show that contest will be decided on party grounds, and the panic created by Labor troubles and high prices. The Republican managers doubtless wish it were possible for their candidate to fight in complete silence. Contrary to the general impression in this country, the enrolment of the women voters is proceeding, the attempt of the Tennessee legislature to annul its franchise vote not having made any difference to the new law.

THE French Republic is again without a President. M. Deschanel's long illness has brought on a second fit of the nervous exhaustion which destroys so many public men, and he has resigned. There is one possible successor of high intellectual qualifications joined to personal dignity, fine character, and a really noble gift of speech, and that is M. Ribot. But M. Ribot is old, and stands above the cliques of journalists and generals who now govern France. If M. Millerand elects to serve, he can probably be elected, and failing him, the much less desirable M. Jonnart. It is a sign of how fast France has drifted back to Royalism that the name of General Castlenau should also be in favor. But even he would be better than a second Presidency for M. Poincaré, in itself an unlikely issue. None of the other candidates are more than respectable.

THE conference between M. Millerand and Signor Giolitti at Aix followed the well-known routine of such conferences. At the end a telegram to absent friends announces "complete agreement," and an official *communiqué* takes a thousand words to conceal what the telegram concealed in two. Signor Giolitti, even more than Mr. Lloyd George, is being compelled by public opinion at home to pursue a policy, both with regard to Germany and Russia, which is diametrically opposed to M. Millerand's. Matters have, in fact, gone so far that the participation of Italy in any measures to enforce the execution of the Versailles Treaty is not seriously considered even in France. Practically the whole Italian Press is now on the side of Germany against France, and the virulence of its continual attacks upon "French imperialism" cannot be imagined by English newspaper readers. As for the Russian question, so open is the breach between France and Italy that even the official *communiqué* reports that "The Governments of Italy and France respect their mutual freedom of action with regard to the Soviet Government." Only two important facts emerge dimly from the fog of false or meaningless generalities which has been spread over the conference. One is the repetition of counsels of moderation to Poland in her negotiations with Russia. The other is a report from Paris that Signor Giolitti agreed with M. Millerand that the Geneva conference, at which the amount of the indemnity was to be fixed, is not to be held. If true, this is a victory

for M. Millerand, for the French have been straining every nerve to prevent the meeting of this conference.

MILITARY operations of some magnitude have been started in Mesopotamia. Sweeping columns, consisting of two brigades, we are told, have moved forward north of Baghdad, in order "to grapple energetically with the risings." If these operations are merely intended, and are necessary, to protect or rescue troops or officials now in difficulties, it is impossible to object to them. But if they are anything more, if they are a prelude to some spectacular attempt to reconquer Mesopotamia and restore our prestige, this is another example of the Government's criminal folly and bad faith. Immediate withdrawal to Basra is our only possible policy, and it was understood that Sir Percy Cox was being sent there to accomplish it. His task will be a sufficiently difficult one in any case; it will be quite impossible if, in the meantime, the military are allowed to start a full-dress war, with executions of "rebels" and the "murderers" of British officers. This kind of imperialist sabotage against a policy of withdrawal has been practised so often in our history that it is impossible not to view the situation in Mesopotamia with the greatest misgiving.

A "BELLICOSE ardor," whose survival in his countrymen Anatole France recently deplored, inspires the pens of French journalists. They do not all agree as to the form that military action should take, but there is a fairly general agreement as to the desirability of taking it against somebody. Papers professing Radical opinions are in some cases as bellicose as the rest. For instance, according to the "Rappel," there are only two possible policies for France; the immediate occupation of the whole of Germany or an agreement with "certain Germans that remain the irreconcilable enemies of England, who are still powerful and numerous, the Tirpitzites." This doctrine that a country must make enemies at any price is pleasing. The panacea of other newspapers for the ills of France is the occupation of the Ruhr Valley. The editor of the "Démocratie Nouvelle," whose pseudonym is "Lysis," demands it almost daily; indeed he writes about little else. He is by no means alone in the Press, and has many sympathizers in high places.

M. MAURICE BARRÈS has not deserted his old love, the Left Bank of the Rhine, and he has found a new argument for its annexation by France. It is necessary to the security of England. This country, he says, "needs a zone of security on the Rhine. Let her allow us to organize it." It happens that a certain treaty was made at Versailles of which, we have always understood, France demanded the exact application. Its provisions did not include a French annexation of the Left Bank of the Rhine. M. Barrès considers, with too much reason, the Franco-Belgian agreement as a step towards his ideal. M. Clemenceau's organ, "L'Homme Libre," declares that agreement to be both offensive and defensive, although not technically an alliance, and elsewhere we have been informed that it provides measures to take the place of the present Allied occupation of German territory. No wonder the French and Belgian Governments refuse to submit it to the League of Nations. Anglophobia rages in the French Press generally, except, of course, in the Socialist papers. A significant symptom is the particularly bitter Anglophobia of "L'Œuvre," which attacks England daily in a way that recalls the days of Fashoda, and has deserted its former advocacy of a genuine Society of Nations for a narrow Nationalism.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CASE OF THE "DAILY HERALD."

THE directors of the "Daily Herald" have finally refused the subsidy of £75,000, offered that paper, through Mr. Francis Meynell, by the Bolshevik Government, and Mr. Meynell has resigned his directorship. These are proper decisions. Mr. Meynell had no right to appeal to Bolshevik officials for aid, still less to collect this sum from them, either in the form of cash or of jewels, without consulting his chief. And when the Government got wind of this transaction his duty was equally clear. He should not have allowed the directorate of the "Herald" to deny, in the most direct language, a financial association between the paper and the Russian Government. What could this concealment have portended? Had Mr. Meynell reflected, he must have realized that sooner or later the offer must transpire, and that then the "Herald" would have almost equal difficulty in accepting or rejecting it. If it took the first course it gave the lie to its denials, and must have split the Labor Party from top to bottom. If the second, it exposed the paper to the ignominious charge, to which its language gave some color, that it was all along hankering after this dole, and refused it for reasons not of conscience but of fear. The "Herald" itself was equally in error in referring this vital matter to a loose *plébiscite* of its readers, coupled with an appeal for their aid in completing "a notable episode in international Socialism." It was brought into existence for a definite object. That object was to bring the Labor Party into power on a Socialist programme attained by constitutional action, not to establish Communism by a physical force Revolution. Therefore the "Herald" had no right to accept a heavy bribe from the great Communist and Revolutionary organization in Petrograd to carry out the second policy, when its directors' principles and those of the British Labor Party favored the first. In this hard and complicated world two principles of action must commend themselves to those who seek by political action to change it for the better. The first is that they must be very careful about money. The second is that they must convince the men and women with whom and for whom they act, that they cherish higher conceptions of public life than those they would replace.

We are by no means disposed to join in the conventional attack on the "Daily Herald." It has had a hard row to hoe. The journalism which accepts society for what it is is one of the most profitable of the many adventures of capital. But no such easy path opens to the critical, far less to the revolutionary treatment, of social problems. The newspaper that speaks for the dispossessed carries its life in its hands. Throughout its dangerous quest, the "Herald" has held to its banner and its cause, and has entertained a soul above and beyond the mere commercial existence of most of its rivals. It has been a good fighter, and in the course of its lively sallies from the camp of Labor has struck more than one shrewd blow at the worst Government that England ever had. Its method has often been well below its mission. But what do rulers like Mr. Lloyd George expect? They preside over a world which they devote to passion and interest, and rule it by fear and by favor. They must look to be fought as they fight,

and to rouse in Labor the acquisitive and also the revolutionary temper to which they appeal. The result has been that the sensationalism and materialism of Mr. Lloyd George have been answered by the sensationalism and materialism of the "Daily Herald." Its director has indeed professed ideal aims, and, we have no doubt, sincerely believed in them. But they were rarely reflected in the columns of his journal. The "Herald" was not over-candid about its news, and in this respect fell far below the admirable example of a middle-class paper like the "Manchester Guardian." It was out to win, and to reap the spoils of war; and it seemed to think that the revolutionary aim would be attained less by a social, political, and moral effort than through a continual shaking of the social fabric. It was not merely for this strike and that strike, it was for all strikes; and it was impossible to dissociate these tactics from its uncritical attraction for Bolshevism. But Russia is one country, Britain is another; and in our view it was the duty of the "Herald," while claiming justice and a fair field for the Russian Revolution, to tell the workmen here that their path and that of Russian Communism were far from being identical.

The error of judgment linked itself on to an error in journalistic conduct. It was perfectly open to the "Herald" to advocate the cause of Indian Home Rule and Egyptian independence. But it should have made its presentation of these causes a free gift to them and to human liberty, and not have given its enemies the chance to say that, in allowing Zaghlul Pasha and the Indian Home Rulers to subscribe heavily to its funds, it had taken a fee for their advocacy. If the new world of democracy is to win through, it will be because it offers our cynical and self-indulgent society a gospel of work which will finally prove to be superior in moral attraction and positive utility to that of production for profit. But if the country gets the impression that the new set of masters will merely try and push its way to the front, using all means to get there, and then governing by the familiar tricks, it may prefer the experienced rulers to the inexperienced ones; and we may lose the immense advantage of a change in the character no less than the economic basis of our political society. Still more unwise were Mr. Meynell's and even Mr. Lansbury's deals with the Russian Government. It is possible that one day European society will rest on equalitarian Communism. But it is tolerably certain that the mass of the British workmen do not desire this to happen; and it is beyond all doubt that they would not approve of their favorite organ being heavily feed for bringing it about. The idea was as absurd as it was wrong, for in the event of war with Russia as the result of British resentment at her interference in our concerns, the "Herald" would be suppressed or its influence would melt away. But it was also a relic of the bad old days of subsidized journalism. For years a well-known Conservative journal was in the pay of Louis Napoleon. What difference in principle is there between this dependence on a foreign Government and that which Mr. Meynell proposed to set up? Till the Last International comes into being, and the sea and land frontiers melt into the universal State, national societies will remain. And their journalism will be national too.

But the censure for the errors of the "Herald" rests, in our view, more on the Labor Party than on anybody else. Here was the first lively, competent champion of Labor which had come to light, and had contrived to lead a hard fighting existence. It seems to us monstrous that its enthusiasts should have been compelled to go cadging round Europe to secure for it the means

of bare sustenance. Labor is rich, and growing richer. Can it not afford to keep a mind as well as a body? We are aware of the difficulty of adapting the constitutions of the trade unions to this new need of an organ of daily intelligence. But the necessity is as clear as the call for a Parliamentary party or a Council of Action. Mr. Lansbury should never have been driven to the pass of appealing to Bolshevism for paper credits, on a "commercial" basis; or of asking his readers to decide for him whether he shall entrust a little of the "Herald's" soul to the keeping of the Red Tsar. An outside critic may judge the "Herald" to have done wrong, and to have barely escaped a great political disaster. But not one word of blame can lie in the mouths of the Labor Party and the trade unionism of Great Britain. They let the "Herald" shift for itself, apparently under the impression that Capital would rally to the support of a journal mainly devoted to their interests; while millions of workmen devoted their pennies to the nurture of the Amalgamated Press. They were mistaken. Their present business is the handsome endowment of the "Herald," coupled with a reasonable charter of freedom for its editor. Mr. Lansbury can then (within limits) preach what doctrine he pleases; "Bolshevist gold" will revert to its proper use in feeding and clothing Bolsheviks; and Mr. Lloyd George will have to find a new electoral Marconigram.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

"Is it not in the interest of Ireland then to test the public declarations of the Allies and aid them in the fight they are waging for small nationalities? They cannot, then, in the face of Europe, give freedom to all the small nations and leave Ireland out."

"The Allies are fighting to the death in the war—the death of Prussian tyranny—and they are going to win. America, Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, and the other Allies are out for freedom for small nations as well as large. They will practise what they preach when Germany is defeated."—From documents published by Mr. Lloyd George's Government in Ireland during the war to encourage recruiting.

BRITISH opinion has moved fast and far on the Irish question during the last few years, but the British Government has moved as fast and as far in the contrary direction. The British people want peace with Ireland. They have no desire to add another chapter to the history of revolting war and unnatural bloodshed; they have no relish for taking up the rôle that Germany and Austria-Hungary have been forced to drop; they know that no people can impose its rule on a neighbor without danger and disgrace. What does it matter to the ordinary Englishman that a Court is sitting in Nenagh to which the people of Tipperary of all classes resort with full confidence for the administration of justice? Wednesday's papers report that a captain in an English unit dispersed this Arbitration Court and seized all its documents. The President of the Court, when asked by what authority the Court was sitting, replied, "By the authority of the people of Tipperary." The English captain could boast a higher authority: the authority by which many a German captain acted in Belgium, for he is the officer of an Army of Occupation. There is the Irish question in a nutshell. We get another aspect of it when we turn to the Prime Minister's remarks about the Lord Mayor of Cork. The Prime Minister says we are recruiting a fine set of ex-service men in England to form the police of Ireland. What would the ordinary Welshman think if the Prime Minister complimented himself on the success of the British Government in finding ex-service English-

men for the police of Cardiganshire? Or what would the ordinary Englishman say if he was told that it was a heinous offence for the Lord Mayor of Birmingham to know what his police were doing?

The British people want to escape from this false position, but unfortunately the Government are every day committing the nation more deeply to its enormities and its dangers. The latest decision to arm the Ulster Volunteers is the most amazing of all its decisions. If we look at the South of Ireland we find, as Lord Monteagle points out, that order is kept by the Irish Volunteers. There is no talk there of crimes of violence or oppression against Protestants or Unionists. Protestant leaders have given testimony to the tolerance of the Sinn Feiners and to the security in which Protestants of all classes are living. We can imagine how much we should have heard about it if Protestants had been driven out by the thousand as the Catholics have been driven out by the Orangemen of Belfast. In the rest of Ireland the Irish Volunteers prevent disorder from intolerance. But what of the conduct of the Ulster Volunteers? Captain Stephen Gwynn, an Irish moderate, reports that at this moment there are ten thousand refugees crowding a ring of towns round Belfast, and that among them there are a thousand men who fought in the war. The Government now propose to make the Ulster Volunteers a recognized police force, and to set up at once a separate administration for the six counties in which Sir Edward Carson believes that he can maintain his control by the methods of terrorism of which these expulsions are an example. This is to confront all peace makers and constitution makers in Ireland with a *fait accompli*; to bring about by Order in Council that partition of Ireland designed by the Bill against which Irish opinion has declared with the greatest emphasis. It is to divide Ireland into two nations, and Ulster into two religions. The Ulster Volunteers began the rival proceedings in Ireland; they imported arms from Germany, and the organizations from which they were recruited are responsible for this savage exploit. And Mr. Lloyd George, who said the other day that Ireland ought to help to pay for the war because Belgium was a Catholic country, tells the thousand Catholic soldiers there who are homeless that he is going to make the men who turned them out into the police of Belfast. Some day the strange history of this Ulster rebel movement will be known in full. Perhaps it will be possible then to understand how it is that all the leading figures in the Ulster Volunteers have since been given high office; and why Mr. Lloyd George, so versatile and ready for a bargain as a rule, has been in this case so rigid and unyielding. This last decision to make the Ulster Volunteers respectable is closely linked with that history. It is deplored by the "Irish Times," which regards it as a direct incitement to civil war, and we do not believe that one Englishman in a hundred approves it. But it is demanded by men whose power over the Prime Minister is greater than that of the public opinion of England or the public opinion of Ireland.

The two countries are thus being driven into war. We cannot imagine any circumstances more trying to the temper, reason, and judgment of any set of men than the circumstances under which the Army of Occupation is doing its hateful work in Ireland. Outbursts of violence on the part of soldiers and police are increasing. The most significant and senseless fact about these outbreaks is the failure of the Government to prevent them. As the outbreaks increase, so will the outrages on the other side. With a people as resolute for their freedom as any

in the world, a Government relying on British soldiers, British police, and, worst of all, a great body of spies, is proceeding to enforce the most sweeping Coercion Act ever devised. The Government offer us no escape from this fate. Mr. Lloyd George repeats his parrot formulas about no separation, no pressure on Ulster, as regularly and as monotonously as he repeated during the war his formula about the right of the smallest nation to its freedom. Nothing is to be hoped from the Government; and everything is to be feared from its chief, the most anti-Irish Prime Minister of generations of English statesmen. But this fact throws all the greater responsibility on the Liberal and Labor Parties. It has often been said that the South African war might have been avoided if Liberals had realized earlier in the summer of 1899 the fatal drift of the negotiations with the Transvaal Government. The Liberal leaders and the Labor leaders have behind them a body of opinion which is not measured by their representation in a House of Commons elected to hang the Kaiser. Let them declare themselves. England is concerned for her security, and her security can be guaranteed by arrangement or treaty with an Irish Government as it is to be secured in another instance by treaty with an Egyptian Government. She is anxious that no body of Irishmen should suffer, as the Catholics of Belfast are suffering now, from the intolerance of their neighbors. There is only one way to secure that result, and that is to let Irishmen determine their own constitution. The British army and the British police are the obstacles at once to Irish unity and the friendship of Britain and Ireland. Ulster cannot do without Nationalist Ireland; Nationalist Ireland cannot do without Ulster. With England standing on one side, they will come to blows. Ireland is immensely important to Great Britain; Great Britain is immensely important to Ireland. They can and will come to terms when Great Britain ceases to guard her power and Ireland is not obliged to guard her freedom. It is only on such lines that peace can be made, and Liberal and Labor leaders have not a day to lose if they wish to avert the catastrophe to which both peoples will be driven, if peace is not made and made quickly.

FRANCE AND OURSELVES.

EVERYONE, no matter what be the complexion of his international outlook, will agree that the relations of France and Britain must have an immense effect upon European affairs in the immediate future. Take, for instance, the case of the Geneva Conference. At Spa, it will be remembered, the statesmen decided to postpone some very awkward and contentious questions to a conference to be held at Geneva, and ever since the French have been swearing that wild horses will not drag them to Switzerland. They know that those questions are awkward only because they will reveal the differences between France and this country. But in foreign affairs dangers and difficulties are not destroyed by burying one's head in the sands of one's own policy. M. Millerand may refuse to go to Geneva, but he will be forced to go to some Geneva to face the reparations question and his differences with Mr. Lloyd George. We shall, therefore, offer no apology for returning to this subject, for we propose to deal with one aspect of it which

is of the utmost importance: French misunderstanding of the position in this country.

The French are both irritated and puzzled by British policy and the widening rift between their policy and ours. An article which appeared in last week's "*Journal des Débats*" put the French point of view admirably. British policy, says M. Gauvain, has returned to its pre-war insularity, and that is the cause of those recent incidents which have led to ill-feeling and differences with France. We have shut ourselves up once more in the "splendid isolation or egoism" of our island kingdom, and we refuse to stand by France and Belgium as guardians of the gate of civilization on the Continent. Nay, we even "attribute to imperialist aspirations those combinations which the French consider as the merest guarantees of their security." But, argues M. Gauvain, Britain is no longer an island and she cannot return to her traditional policy of insularity and splendid isolation; she must take her stand on the Continent, and her place must be by France and Belgium. It was in recognition of this necessity, this duty and policy, that British statesmen put their signatures to the Versailles Treaty, and yet, ever since, Britain has rarely paid any consideration to the vital interests of her two associates, and the British Government has done its best surreptitiously to revise and emasculate the Treaty of Versailles and to extract some payment for their agreement to the execution of its clauses.

This article reflects faithfully, we believe, the point of view of the majority of politicians and statesmen in France. It is based upon a complete misunderstanding of, almost a blindness to, the state of public opinion in this country. What makes the policy of France to-day such a danger to herself and to other countries is that her statesmen cannot bring themselves to face the facts, and among the facts which statesmen can never afford to neglect is public opinion in hostile or friendly countries. Even the shifty, unsubstantial policy of Mr. George, "obliquely wobbling to the end in view,"—to misquote the "*Dunciad*"—is the result of its author being always forced, despite his congenital love for tortuousness, to drift in a certain direction with public opinion behind him. But neither the policy nor the feeling in this country is anything like what M. Gauvain imagines it. It is true that insularity and splendid isolation in the traditional sense are no longer possible for Britain. But it is a grotesque misreading of facts to imagine, as does M. Gauvain, that any responsible person here thinks it a feasible policy to withdraw behind the bulwarks of the Channel and North Sea and pursue our own interests without regard for the other States of Europe. The war killed any idea of complete insular isolation and non-intervention as principles of foreign policy which may still have lingered in the heads of some Englishmen in 1914. It killed it so completely that the policy of a League of Nations was accepted almost unanimously, and certainly with more enthusiasm and understanding than among any of our European Allies. But the policy of a League is the antithesis of a selfish and blind insularity. The fact is that in November, 1918, public opinion was in favor of this country definitely abandoning its traditional policy and of entering an alliance of all nations to keep the peace. It was ready, in so far as it was educated and instructed, to assume the great and even dangerous obligations of this policy. But it was not willing, and remains unwilling, to enter any system of hostile alliances and new balance or hegemony of power upon the Continent.

If M. Gauvain and other Frenchmen will face these simple and certain facts, they will at once realize the *impossé* to which M. Clemenceau and Mr. George reduced the affairs of Europe by signing the Treaty of Versailles. The foundations of that Treaty are a system of hostile alliances in which Germany (and probably Russia) are to be on one side, and France, Britain, Belgium, Italy, and a host of little armed satellites are to be on the other. It is to be a balance of power with all the power in the scale of France. The fact is frankly admitted by M. Gauvain, who says: "It was impossible to make peace *with* Germany unless we left her completely intact, and that would have been to make peace against ourselves. We simply imposed peace upon Germany, as it is normally imposed by the victor upon the vanquished in a great war." Now it is true that Mr. George signed this Treaty on behalf of Britain, and thereby pledged this country virtually to an eternal alliance with France and Belgium for the subjection of Germany. In doing so, like M. Clemenceau and M. Gauvain, he committed the fatal error in statesmanship of ignoring the facts, the great fact of public opinion. He, at any rate, now knows that he cannot "deliver the goods"; when he went to Spa, and when he next sits round a table with M. Millerand at Geneva or any other place, he is aware that public opinion in this country makes it impossible for him to fulfil the obligations of the Versailles Treaty. The question was coal, and will be reparation or any of the other one hundred and one malignant ingenuities of that moribund document. But always in the background lies the inexorable fact of British public opinion, dominating in the end even Mr. George's oblique wobbling, widening the rift between him and M. Millerand, between Britain and France. An execution of the clauses of the Treaty has demanded, and will again demand, the putting into practice of the hostile alliance of France and Britain against Germany, the application of force to bleed or to keep down Germany in what are thought to be the interests of France. But the people of this country are determined not to enter or remain in such an alliance, and nothing will induce them to supply the armed force which its existence and the execution of the Treaty would perpetually demand. And Mr. George, still obliquely wobbling, knows it. But it is high time that French statesmen should also know it. The British have not returned to any policy of isolation; they are still prepared to enter an alliance of all States for the keeping of the peace. But France is unwilling; all that she offers us is a new édition of the old Continental system, a partnership in her hostile alliance. She thus makes the building up of a new international system and a new world impossible, and forces us back into the conditions of 1900 to 1914.

Under these circumstances the traditional policy of Britain, rightly interpreted, is the only one possible for a British Government. If Continental powers are determined to pursue this system of armed alliances, balance of power, and an armed peace, then, so far as it is possible, we shall stand aloof from them, not in isolation and security—for that is impossible—but in an attitude of neutral vigilance. We shall stand ready to throw our weight, not into the scale against the most powerful—that was the fatal error in the traditional policy of Britain—but on the side of that State or group of States which is pursuing a policy of peace. Above all, it is to be hoped, the people of this country have learned one lesson—never to put their heads into the noose of a hostile alliance.

THE BLOCKADE OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE.

MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN, after much criticism of the Soviet administration in her new book, makes use of this sentence: "Lift the blockade—feed the starving people and give the country peace."

But is it generally known that Russia is still as closely blockaded as Germany was at the height of the war? A young friend of mine has just been through Germany. He tells me that the people hate us bitterly, and the usual reason given is the effect of the British blockade, and the suffering caused by it. We are making the Russian people—180 millions of them, compact, fertile, virile—hate us bitterly too.

Isn't this policy rather dangerous for the future?

Now how is this blockade being enforced? It is not done by the British navy except to a limited extent. Public opinion is too strong for that. But neither did the British navy actually do the blockading of Germany, especially towards the end of the war. Our navy only made the blockade possible. The blockade was economic. The bankers, the underwriters, the bill brokers and discounters, the insurance agents all played their part. They were organized by the Board of Trade, the Department of Overseas Trade, the Blockade Section of the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, and their counterparts in the Governments of the Allies.

This organization was gradually improved and tightened up during the war with Germany. It has been continued and still further improved for war against Russia, and it is in full operation to-day. This war is secret, underhand, hidden from the Allied peoples. And it is being waged by economic means.

Let me explain. Mr. Lloyd George declared for peace and trade with Russia nine months ago. He pointed out the need of trade with and cheap food from Russia for this country. I believe he understood and meant what he said at the time. But he has changed his mind. He found that the Soviet envoys to this country did not cringe to him, for one thing. He is jealous of the Council of Action. Whatever the reasons, he is now working for war—the underhand war which is not explained to the peoples.

Mr. Krassin came to London in May. The negotiations have dragged on, but Russia has agreed to all the conditions demanded by our Government.

But Russia is prevented from trading with the English—or with anyone else for the most part.

She is prevented by the actions of the Treasury, the Board of Trade, and through them of the banks.

Russia must pay for the first goods she buys in cash or in bills. This she is prepared to do. Gold has been sent to the State Bank at Riga, to the Danish National Bank at Copenhagen, to Stockholm. It is not allowed to come here, and the banks are not allowed to deal in bills drawn on the banks in which the gold is lodged.

The Danish, the Swedish, the Estonian banks have had financial pressure brought to bear upon them by the Bank of England and the Bank of France, and their Governments have had diplomatic pressure brought to bear upon them by the British and French Governments.

Many British manufacturers are anxious to sell goods to Russia, but they can only sell through the financial and banking machinery in use in this country. And the Government forbids them to use this machinery.

And there is a slump in trade, especially in engineering and kindred industries. There will be unemployment in England this winter apart from the miners. But the Government blockades the British

manufacturers and merchants as well as the Russian people.

The Russian trade delegation have even been prevented from buying drugs and anæsthetics in London.

The triumph of French diplomacy in hounding M. Litvinoff out of Denmark and Sweden is a small thing compared to this. The refusal of admittance to the Russian trade unionists while allowing General Wrangel's representative the run of Whitehall is a small thing. The quarrel picked by Mr. Lloyd George with Mr. Kamenev is a small thing. These things can be forgiven in time. But the Government decrees that major operations shall be performed in Russia without chloroform.

The Russian debts? There is not gold in Europe to pay a half of them, let alone in Russia.

The Soviet Government has declared its willingness to come to an arrangement with regard to them. Even Wrangel in his wildest moments cannot do more than promise to pay in time. But yet the underhand war and boycott goes on.

And the answer? Enver Pasha is in Moscow. He will command the Russian Moslem army. And he is no fool. There are 40 million Russian Mohamedans. And they, with most other Moslems, are angry with England and France over the Khaliffa and our treatment of him.

The British people are risking their Empire and their prosperity by allowing themselves to be hoodwinked.

J. M. KENWORTHY.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

SILENCE would seem to be the most fitting tribute to the pitiful comedy of the Government, the "Daily Herald," and the retirement, practically the expulsion, of Mr. Kamenev. Judging by the Prime Minister's charges against the head of the Russian Mission, we seem to be still living under the war system which exposed every Government to be spied on by its rival, or even by its friend, and any individual by his neighbor. Any Power is liable to have its wireless messages tapped, its agents tampered with, its confidences destroyed. Secret diplomacy, indeed, is disappearing because it is impossible to keep anything hidden in a world in which so many people can be bought, and Governments spend half their time in listening to the tales their detectives and de-coders bring to them. What is to be said of the attack on Mr. Kamenev? It is impossible either to acquit or to convict him on such evidence as Mr. George adduces. He is said to have colored or falsified the clause in the Russian terms on the "civic militia." Is it denied that he endeavored to get it cancelled, and that he told Moscow that public opinion here did not approve it? I think not. Was, then, his general attitude unhelpful to the cause of peace, if that is really the cause of which the gyrating Mr. George is in pursuit? And how is it possible to judge the conduct of a plenipotentiary by picking up a police case against him, and presenting such strands in it as seem to damnify him? But I suppose anything is good enough for a Bolshevik.

Or take the subsidy to the "Herald." London had, of course, a perfect right of complaint in this matter, as Moscow had over the attempts of our agents to organize

the counter-revolution. Indeed, it is clear that until both sides keep their hands off each other's internal politics, there will be no peace between the countries. But, again, was Mr. Kamenev personally implicated? He says no; and is called a liar to his face. That is a pretty procedure by which the Prime Minister summons a foreign plenipotentiary, accuses him from a police *dossier* of the grossest misconduct, and rejects his categorical denial. Was it necessary? If Mr. Kamenev's conduct had been judged to be improper, he might have been privately warned that the Government had information that he had broken his pledge of non-interference, and asked for an explanation, or for a correcter attitude in future. But no; every effect must be staged as if England were a sort of Ruritania, and Sir Basil Thomson a bit out of a Le Queux novel.

THE "Daily Herald" affair is, of course, deplorable. I am sorry for Mr. Meynell; he has talent and sincerity, and he wears his *panache* with an air. But he is a Don Quixote, who should have taken a Sancho Panza on his strange quest, and listened to his counsels. What he imagined could happen to his Bolshevik subsidy if he got it I cannot think; nor why, if he respected his editor, he concealed from him so vital a step in policy. But there, to be frank, is the trouble with the "Herald." While Mr. Lansbury talked Christian pacifism, his young lions sought their mental meat from Lenin. There was nothing dishonorable in their seeking a subsidy also; it was even natural for convinced Bolsheviks and Third Internationalists. But it happened to be destructive of the mission of the "Daily Herald," and a lapse from its fiduciary position to the Labor Party. More shame to it that the paper was left derelict and exposed to the harum-scarum adventure of Stockholm! Now, let us hope this lively journal will revert to its true association with trade unionism. That is, an ample endowment on the one hand, and a defined and unflinching policy on the other.

As for the Prime Minister, his course is discharted. With the breakdown of his Russian policy, he drifts back to the tail of the reactionary movement with which he may be supposed to have no personal sympathy. In Ireland, he has long been merely the mouthpiece of Carsonism; Ulster rules, and the Orange bravo directs the storm which he has raised. In foreign policy, Mr. George's want of knowledge and principle tell for the virtual eclipse of this country, whose material and military power, superior to that of any nation in the world, only accentuates its moral feebleness. Up to last week Mr. George had his ewe lamb, which was peace with Russia. Now he has sacrificed it, for after the manner of the breach with Kamenev it is not likely that Mr. Krassin will remain, and the budding trade relationship will expire with the lost political connection. It is extraordinary that the political resources of the country are not mobilized to provide a change from this scene of universal failure. I imagine that the Government tend to another sensational election, and that the manœuvres of the week mean that the Prime Minister is feeling about to find his material. Anti-Bolshevism is his card, and if the country became ungovernable as the result of a miners' strike, it would be a strong one. But there is no adequate cause for a miners' strike, and for the delinquency of industry that must follow. Therefore, let Labor be wise; and constitute itself the Peace Party at home, as abroad. And when it has done that, let it set to work to construct an electoral platform and an alternative Government.

My Irish correspondent writes:—

"Indecencies follow each other so rapidly here that it is difficult and futile to spread words over them. It is proposed to enrol special constables in Belfast and elsewhere at a moment when special constables enrolled in Belfast are in gaol for looting and incendiarism during the recent looting and expropriation of Catholics in Belfast. How far this attempt to ensure civil war will be checked by the boycott of Belfast is still doubtful. I have been told by a busy Belfast commercial traveller that the business men there are beginning to feel its effects, and are talking Dominion Home Rule. He tells me that the travellers are all returning without orders to Belfast, and that Belfast is losing the bulk of its Irish distributing business, which he estimates at a turnover of £250,000 a week. It is certain that very many towns refuse to admit Belfast travellers or buyers to their markets, and the withdrawals from the Ulster banks are very substantial. This policy of boycott was long viewed with misgivings by responsible Sinn Fein leaders, who saw in it the adoption by themselves of a principle of partition. That it has spontaneously been adopted throughout Ireland is merely the inevitable result of the recent organized display of Belfast bigotry."

And again:—

"I see that by an Order published in the last 'London Gazette' Cobh (formerly Queenstown) has been shut to Eastward-bound ships. Steady efforts have been made of late to develop independent shipping services between Ireland, the Continent, and America. A newly-formed American line had adopted Cobh as a port of call. In continuance of its policy of destroying Cobh as a transatlantic port adopted before the war, this new edict is now published. It is quite of a piece with England's commercial policy towards Ireland."

A WELL-KNOWN Irish landowner writes me:—

"The Arbitration Courts go on steadily with their work. Large landowners are going into them, with even their lawyers' approval. But smaller cases are not neglected. I hear of two men living side by side and on such bad terms that when lately one had to thatch his house leave was refused to let his ladder stand, as was necessary, in the other's garden plot. The judgment given and accepted was that the grudging man should give up to his neighbor some few feet of his land, enough for such a purpose, he to receive in return a sum of money, some £9.

"As to the Volunteers, thefts had happened in our neighborhood with wartime, but we had given up reporting them to the police; however willing, they had never been able to help. The other night a score or so of fleeces were stolen from our wool store, locks had been broken, and carriage rugs had been taken for use as sacks. This time the nearest Volunteers took up the matter. Within a week the stolen goods had been recovered and restored, the thieves fined, their names made known; one of them banished for six months to County Clare. In Clare itself I hear the same good report. Only a few days ago a keg of poteen 'that would have done destruction' was seized from the Connemara turf-boat that brought it over and emptied on the roadside. No Sunday drinking is allowed. An official spending a night in Ennis told me how at half past ten the hotel bar was cleared by Volunteers, all going peaceably out. At Galway races they kept perfect order on the course; the police spent the two days lined up in the empty town. One thinks of Lamartine in the revolution of '48 enrolling 'a new corps called the *Garde Mobile*, consisting of the most turbulent young men of the working-classes, by which plan he converted the most disorderly into a band whose duty and pride were to preserve order.'"

BUT the worst thing in the Irish news is the way in which each side goes on poisoning the air against the other. Take the charge of participation in a murder campaign brought against some staff officers in Dublin by the "Irish Bulletin," and reproduced in the "Times." Is it true; is it possible? No doubt the Castle has got hold of Sinn Fein stationery; and it looks as if it has been used to send out threatening letters to Sinn Fein leaders. But the charge of organizing murder rests on a strained interpretation of words that might well have an innocent meaning. The trouble is that Sinn Fein

believes it. Mr. Arthur Griffith, I am told, will have something to say in the matter, and has challenged the Prime Minister to submit the case to inquiry. Probably most people will acquit the Castle in advance. But its record is so bad, it has on occasions employed so many unspeakable agents, that Irish national opinion never fails to give a verdict against it. How can one country govern another across a fearful chasm of distrust?

I HOPE that M. Stambolisky, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria, will meet with a good reception when he arrives in London about the first of next month. Greeks and Serbs, persistently maintaining their enmity with his country, have spread their influence far, and the prejudice against Bulgaria is still considerable. I am told that the attitude even of our own Legation at Sofia is one of "supercilious indifference." Yet M. Stambolisky remains pathetically Anglophil, and seeks this country's friendship for his people as he has always done, even when he was imprisoned during the war for opposing Ferdinand's alliance with Germany and Austria. His visit to London is said not to be specially political, but rather with a view to studying our system of education, a subject in which Bulgaria takes more interest than we do.

LORD MURRAY OF ELIBANK was, I suppose, the last of the old style of Party whip. In a sense he was new style, and his enterprise in basing the party finance on a speculative purchase of Marconi shares belonged to the newest Liberalism of all. But his day was that of the great machine, whose minutest part he kept carefully oiled for its work. He was a man of much kindness and good humor, and of a tact so universal, and so cheerfully bestowed on the bores of the party, that it seemed hardly according to nature. Yet it was natural to Lord Murray; and it gave him a personal ascendancy such as none of his later predecessors attained. Then it vanished in the smoke of the Marconi scandal; and in the succeeding flame of the war the great Party vanished too. Lord Murray was therefore the last of its repairing architects, and his successors in the Coalition have been no improvement on him. But the rôle he played with such smiling assiduity is no more.

THE Plumage Bill will be considered again by Standing Committee C in October, and the people ought to realise what occurred at the last effort to strangle it. I am told by the promoters of the Bill outside the House that the blame does not rest with the Committee. On the contrary, they have shown patience, sympathy, and consideration, and their attitude is one of keen support to the Bill as it stands. Here, as elsewhere, the men are better than their institution, and the shame lies with the machinery of Parliament which allows two men to hold up the will of the Lords, the Commons, the people of the country, and the Committee. When the Committee met and after a period of boredom inflicted by Commander Williams and Mr. Bartley Dennis, the only two champions of the trade present, upon the rest of the members, Mr. Turton, the Chairman, dismissed the Committee until October on the ground that the quorum had not been maintained. It was curious that the Chairman did not take advantage of his powers to remove the obstruction (see Standing Orders) practised by these two men. And now at least the Committee should brace itself to endure a little more rubbish in October for the sake of getting this vitally necessary Bill, the last hope of many beautiful species, on the Statute Book.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

OF COMFORT.

It is a queer word, that "Comfort." It appears to have come down in the world. We suppose from the look of it that once it meant something that added strength or courage or fortitude, and the original meaning is seen in the old Statute of Treasons, which defines treason as "comforting the King's enemies." Fairly early it came to imply a mental consolation or solace, as we see in the words, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," and "Rachel mourning for her children, and would not be comforted." Then there is the proverb about Job's Comforters, and we have known "cold comfort," which meant much the same as the consolation given to Job. That high or spiritual meaning still persists. One hears an old woman sometimes saying that her son, or even her husband, is a "great comfort" to her, and the poet writes of "comfort scorned of devils." But in its commonest use the word has degenerated. When we speak of comfort, we generally think of an easy, warm, and restful state of body or bodily surroundings. We mean "creature comforts," or "home comforts," implying pleasant furniture and plenty to eat. When we say that a family is "in comfortable circumstances," we mean that life is pretty easy for it. A "comfortable person" is easy-going and inclined to be stout. A "comforter" has so little reference to Job that it has become a woollen scarf.

There is something peculiarly English about the word. Though a French hotel may advertise *Conforts du premier ordre*, all foreigners recognize the English claim. A few years ago there was a fairly well-to-do Athenian who was far from content with the illustrious glories of his city. In vain the Acropolis revealed to him by day and night the noblest monuments of architecture. In vain Lycabettus rose in pellucid air, and the bay of Salamis glowed like amethyst, and purple Hymettus hummed with all its bees. No history, art, or nature could soothe his restless soul. For he had been in England, and "Nothing," he cried, "nothing on earth makes life worth living but solid English comfort!" England's solid comfort had given him a glimpse of an earthly Paradise, and in his own City of the Violet Crown he mourned un comforted. One remembers how the Yorkshire servant who accompanied Kinglake upon his journey through Serbia and Bulgaria, then almost as desolate under Turkish rule as now under Christian atrocities, "rode doggedly on in his pantry jacket, looking out for 'gentlemen's seats'." It was for the English comfort of gentlemen's seats that the poor fellow was looking, unable to imagine a country so god-forsaken as to be without it. Similarly, we have known a wealthy travelling Englishman regretfully inform his Turkish host that in England we always have marmalade for breakfast. And two English ladies, compassionately eager to give relief to distressed Albania, wrote to inquire whether the railways were comfortable there and the lavatories clean; and the only possible answer was that in Albania there are neither railways nor lavatories.

That solid English comfort, how pleasingly fond memory paints it! The large and airy bedroom with dark blinds, the early tea brought in by the white-aproned maid, the hot shaving-water and cleaned boots, the large washing-basins, the white porcelain bath, the copious breakfast with coffee or tea and choice of varied flesh, fowl, and eggs upon the sideboard, the smoking-room with deep armchairs and a mingled savor of cigars and peaty tweeds, the healthy and appetizing exercise with horse or fishing-rod or gun, the copious lunch, which

perhaps appeared by the butler's magic in the woods, the bland hours of afternoon, just pleasantly stirred by the clink of tea-cups, the leisurely converse upon animals and birds and fishes, hardly interrupted by the copious dinner, and continued till whisky-and-soda with sandwiches announced the approach of welcome bedtime. Or (not to leave out the intellectual stimulus so essential for complete well-being) the perusal of the "Times" and the sporting papers in the morning, the large library with card-tables, the rows of well-bound books with readable titles, the occasional references to politics and the ruin of the country, and perhaps a walk to church with the ladies on Sunday, to encourage the poor and listen in somnolent peace to the voices of vicar and choir-boys among the ancient arches. What other land has ever incubated a life of such comfort as that? The disgruntled satirist may sniff at "Heartbreak House" and "Horseback Hall." Never mind! No country but ours has evolved such solidity of comfort, and the further the comfort withdraws into the abyss of time the more we dwell upon it with poignant regret. Rhoda Broughton was no more gourmand than the rest of us, yet with what pathos, in old age, in her posthumous novel, she laments the passing of once familiar joys:—

"The unbidden tears rise to my eyes," she writes, "as I look back upon the fat breasts of those Aylesbury ducks across the desert of the late lean years. Then they were commonplaces of daily life, and did not even provoke an admiring ejaculation, any more than did their handmaids, the exquisite marrowfat peas in their tender juvenility."

It is true, there are various standards of comfort, differing chiefly according to income. Some find comfort in a Kensington flat or maisonette; some in the ignobly decent monotony of a suburban street. Some are content when they have attained to a best parlor, where books lie upon the table like spokes in a wheel and the india-rubber plant in the window sheds an almost religious shade. We remember what pride filled old Clayhanger's heart when at last he won for himself a dwelling whose front door opened into a passage instead of a room. The "working people" (the average men and women of every country) cling to their "bits of things" as evidences of respectability and realities of comfort, and grudgingly part with them to the pawnshop when times are hard. It is made a bitter reproach to them if they purchase fur coats and jewelry or even clothe the children well, when times are good; yet, within their narrow limits, they are only imitating the ideal of necessary comfort held by their "betters," who certainly are not working people. Comfort is largely a matter of comparison. All who were out upon any fighting front during the war know how comfortable, how luxurious even, the ordinary things of life appeared to them on their return—the real bread-and-butter, the plentiful soap-and-water, the bed with sheets. Even after a journey to foreign parts, Catullus knew that feeling of unaccustomed but familiar peace:—

"Oh, what is more blessed than release from anxieties?" he wrote; "when the soul lays aside its burden, and wearied with exertions abroad we reach our own hearth and settle snugly down in the bed we have so pined for."

It is largely a matter of comparison, but the trouble is that when they have become accustomed to one degree of comfort, people are very unwilling to descend to another. We can imagine that some would miss the tea brought up to the bedside, some the marmalade for breakfast, some the Aylesbury ducklings, some the deep armchairs, some the porcelain bath, some the aproned maid, some the "Times," some the indiarubber plant. The German nobleman thinks it hard to remove from his ancestral Schloss into a desirable villa residence.

The Russian Grand Duke is dissatisfied with a workman's food and clothing, even though the Soviet workman's standard of life may have advanced. The learned Professor does not enjoy returning to the attic which seemed quite jolly when he was a student. Fear of losing comfort to which people are accustomed or have risen has an incalculable influence even upon our votes. It acts as a drag on politics, national and international. "Behold the bulwarks of the Constitution!" cries the comfortable man, restoring his confidence by a walk through suburban villas. Skin for skin, yea, all that other people have, will a man give for his comfort. He will also block the way to all that other people ought to have. For comfort is the life-breath of reaction, and that is why England has long been the most Conservative of countries, being the Daniel Lambert of nations, as George Meredith once called her.

But our Daniel Lambert is shrinking now, and the skin begins to hang loose about his opulent limbs. One need not consider only the rumors of strikes and revolutions and Bolshevism to know the change that is indubitably upon us. Read the news about the sales of great country houses and estates. Heartbreak House collapses; Horseback Hall fades like a vision. Profiteers, glutted like ghouls with noble blood, may flourish for the moment, but they too will shrink and fade. Already one sees the belted Earl wondering whether it is really necessary to his salvation to have a castle in the North, a mansion in the South, a house in Grosvenor Square, and a villa on the Mediterranean, involving so much perplexity in which of them to live. Already great town mansions are splitting into flats, fissiparous as jelly fish. Already our country gentry are taking paying guests and teaching them what English comfort was. The shrinkage proceeds downwards right through all the comfortable classes—down through the "people of independent means" to the hardworking professional men and women. "Beautiful it is," cried Carlyle two generations ago, "to see the idol of old Mammon cracking in all directions!" The idol was patched up for a time, but now it cracks still more visibly, and we do not deny it is a beautiful sight. But a lot of comfort goes with it, and the loss does not look so beautiful.

What, then, shall we do? With the pound note valued at something between eight and ten shillings, we have become a poor country instead of being a rich, and we must adapt ourselves to the change. At what we should properly call the worst, each plane of the comfortable classes must come down a degree or two in comfort, the castle living at the standard of the mansion, and the mansion at the standard of the villa, and so on down the scale of wealth and shrinkage. At what, we suppose, we ought to call the best, there will be a general rise in the degrees of comfort for the average men and women who work daily for wages, and a proportional fall for the comfortable classes, the severity of the fall varying directly with the distance. That Earl's fall, for instance, right down to the level of comfort "in widest commonalty spread," will be like Lucifer's when he fell sheer over the crystal battlements of heaven and landed on barren Lemnos Isle. But to the humble journalist the jolt or bump will hardly be perceptible. In any case, we have encouraging examples. How pleasant it is to read of those American Indians who burnt all their furniture and other possessions once a year and started fresh and clean! And let us recall the list of comforts that Thoreau took with him to the woods—a list that sounds almost superfluously long:—

"A bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass three inches in diameter, a pair of tongs and andirons, a kettle, a skillet, a frying-pan, a dipper, a

wash-bowl, two knives and forks, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses, and a japanned lamp."

He added a book or two, but we think an Earl would find it quite possible to curtail that list in other ways as well. The first thing for us to do, as the portentous change creeps upon us, is to restore the original meaning of that word "comfort." It has degenerated until it implies a certain amount of softness, torpor, and imbecility. We must restore it to its birthright as something contributing to strength, courage, or fortitude. Then, with the poet of America, we can cry:—

"Not for delectations sweet,

Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,

Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?

Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they locked and bolted the doors?

Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground!"

But one hopes that by that time those questions will be needless, for there will then be no gluttonous feasters, no corpulent sleepers, no locks and bolts, no doors, except to keep out the cold.

THE SHAM "SHOCKER."

MR. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM and Mr. William Le Queux have a just grievance against Sir Campbell Stuart in respect of his book "Secrets of Crewe House" (Hodder & Stoughton). For he has misused an admirable "shocker" title in such a way as to damage public confidence in a favorite species of fiction. The hasty traveller caught by the entrancing letters will undergo a woeful disappointment as he plods through these ill-arranged chapters, with their recurring bursts of self-commendation, in search of the secrets that are not there.

Sir Campbell Stuart describes the operations of Lords Northcliffe and Beaverbrook and their coadjutors in the war propagandism of 1918 as a "famous campaign," and he not obscurely hints that they were the men who won the war. The picture which presents itself to the imagination of the ordinary man is that of a knot of super-subtle psychologists in their secret lair at Crewe House composing the delicate fabric of the intellectual bombs for explosion in the enemy lines or for the more insidious corrosion of the civilian morale of enemy peoples. And the talented author of this self-laudatory story sometimes affects to present himself and his fellow conspirators in this attractive guise. He employs one simple device for doing so. He summons as witnesses to the skill and the success of their work the military leaders of Germany and their war-editors. Hindenburg's manifesto to his troops is a grand testimonial to the cunning of Crewe House and its "poisoned arrows" directed to "kill the soul." The innumerable aeroplanes and balloons which shower their leaflets inside the German lines assail not only the spirit of the army but the spirit of the home. They spread foul falsehoods about the origin of the war, endeavor to sow dissension among the allies of Central Europe, decoy the fighting men by alluring offers of good treatment, and promise a generous treatment to peoples who overthrow their military Governments or force them to surrender. "The enemy hopes that many a field-grey soldier will send home the leaflet which has innocently fluttered down from the air. At home it will pass from hand to hand, and be discussed at the beer-table, in families, in the sewing room, in factories and in the street. Unsuspectingly many

thousands consume the poison." For this work the British selected "the most thorough-going rascal of all the Entente, Lord Northcliffe," whose methods are thus described: "The letters of German prisoners are falsified in the most outrageous way; tracts and pamphlets are concocted, to which the names of German poets, writers, and statesmen are forged, or which present the appearance of having been printed in Germany, and bear, for example, the title of the Reclam series, when they really come from the Northcliffe Press, which is working day and night for this same purpose."

Ludendorff gives a similar testimonial to Lord Northcliffe as "a master of mass suggestion"; while the "Tägliche Rundschau," the "Kölnische Zeitung," and other patriotic organs are tuned to the same key. Here, for instance, is Herr Arnold Rechberg writing in July, 1919: "It cannot be doubted that Lord Northcliffe very substantially contributed to England's victory in the world-war. His conduct of English propaganda during the war will some day find its place in history as a performance hardly to be surpassed. The Northcliffe propaganda during the war correctly estimated . . . the character and intellectual peculiarities of the Germans."

What could be more convincing? Surely our arch-propagandists are entitled to sun themselves in this lavish praise extracted from the enemy! But so exuberant and so consentaneous is this testimony as to impel cautious minds to pause. Then the old caption about the Cretans and their lying propensities comes up, and we ask what these German army chiefs are "getting at." Two considerations then present themselves. The first is this. So far as Messrs. Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Co. are genuine in their admiration, this praise presupposes that the skill of our propagandists is engaged in fabricating falsehood and passing it as truth on to the simple German mind. It is a campaign of successful forgery and lies that they admire.

But is this admiration warranted? Not at all, according to Sir Campbell Stuart, who tells us (p. 2) that "First of all axioms of propaganda is that only truthful statements be made." This was the great mistake committed by the early war propaganda of the Germans. "Wrongly assuming that the war would be of short duration they made use of untruths and half truths, misstatements and over-statements." Associated with this was another defect, "the Germans did not agree among themselves in their misrepresentations," and we are told that "it was the professors who were the most erratic."

Now with us it was quite different. Having an immaculate case we were under no such temptations to invent, suppress, or falsify. Nor would there arise conflicts of argument or presentation even among our professors or our psychological novelists. Indeed, it is a little difficult to understand why it was necessary to enlist such a galaxy of talent when all that was required was plain truth-telling. No doubt a little mechanical ingenuity was required in the contrivance and direction of the balloons which carried "the truth-telling leaflets." And "the truth" must be carved into convenient morsels, and worded suitably for Germans, Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgars, and Turks. Some "truths" will tell more with one set of soldiers or civilians, other truths with other sets. But after all such truth telling gives little scope for the nicer forms of psychological inventiveness. The whole value of the German testimony is lost as soon as we realize that Lord Northcliffe and his colleagues could not tell a lie.

But another consideration punctures this German praise. These generals and their journalistic backers found it soothing to their *amour propre* to impute the

collapse of their armed resistance to the trickery of the enemy and the credulity of their people rather than to the failure of generalship and of fighting power. It was their way of letting themselves down easy. But perhaps we are led to an undue disparagement of the brain-work of our Crewe House plotters by taking *au grand sérieux* their first axiom of British propagandism—the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth! "The campaign of systematic untruth which was being waged by the enemy need not for one moment divert the Allies from their line. Honesty had never seemed to the Allies to be an inferior policy." (p. 160.)

But in a war in which not only armies but whole peoples are engaged, can we afford to be so scrupulous as the directors of the Northcliffe and Beaverbrook Presses would have us? May it not sometimes be necessary to deceive the enemy about our political methods and aims, as it is to deceive them about our military tactics? Nay, carrying the matter one step further, may not these constant protestations of our truth telling be serviceable to conceal certain emergency departures from the naked fact? This economy is suggested not only by the character and career of some of the psychologists of Crewe House but from examination of the lengthy documents quoted in illustration of their activities. "The Allies," we are ingenuously reminded, "could tell the truth because they were persuaded that they were right"—not, mark you, "because they were right." It might be retorted that the enemy were also able to tell this sort of truth. So we are almost brought to Pilate's question.

Now, as to what may be termed concrete statements of fact, the selected documents here cited shed but little light upon Crewe House methods. For nearly all are engaged in roomy generalizations about the origins and purposes of the war. But the truthfulness of Crewe House may be tested in that part of its work termed "Peace Propaganda," which literally slops over with unctuous phrasing about admitting Germany into "a Free League of Nations," "giving Germany something to hope for," "a knowledge of the kind of world the Allies meant to create, and of the place reserved in it for the enemy peoples according as they assisted in, or combined to resist its creation." What was this "kind of world"? "One of the chief instruments of the German Government is the belief which they foster that any peace that the Allies would, if they had their way, impose would mean the internal ruin of Germany, and this again would mean that each individual German family would find itself without work, without money, and without food. As against this it is necessary to impress on the German people that these results might happen, but that they can be avoided. They will happen if the Government of Germany continues to carry out its openly avowed design of subjecting the other free nations of Europe to its domination. They can be avoided if the German nation will resign these projects of domination and consent to accept the Allied scheme for a new organization of the world. These two points must be kept in close connection; the first provides the element of fear, the second provides the element of hope." Well! the German nation did resign these projects of domination, and what became of "the element of hope"? This was the scheme of propaganda adopted in the summer of 1918, embodied in the proposal for an armistice, and betrayed in the Treaties. The propaganda of "truth telling" had done its work, and this sort of truth could now be retired.

Or once again, take the conditions laid down in the Crewe House Study of Peace Terms, described as "indisputable" (p. 212), and relating to Austro-Hungary:

"Readjustment of the northern frontiers of Italy as nearly as possible along the lines of nationality. The assurance to *all the peoples of Austria-Hungary* of their place among the free nations of the world and of *their right to enter into union with their kindred beyond the present boundaries of Austria-Hungary.*" Could any proposals more explicitly guarantee the right of Austria to join its kindred beyond its boundaries, or protect the liberties of the Tyrol?

At one time, we are told (p. 168), "there was a danger that we might imitate methods adopted by the enemy in the war of ideas—that is to say, that we might copy German methods of propaganda." Happily the purity of soul in Crewe House saved us from this danger. "The Allies could tell the truth because they were persuaded they were right. It was easy for them to have a system of ideas, because they believed in them as in a kind of religion." We fear that to most readers the religion of Crewe House will remain an undisclosed secret.

FIRST LESSONS IN REVOLUTION.

Now that nothing can save us but an effort willed collectively because of a common and intelligent understanding of impending disaster—though few believe in miracles nowadays—there is some amusement to be got, while waiting for the wages of sin, in watching the frantic efforts of those who have got most to lose trying to avert the consequences of their past. It is probable that Sir Edward Carson does not care. He handsomely admitted long ago that he was an anarchist or thereabouts.* Besides, at his age it cannot now matter very much to him. But younger men who love the old régime, and desire to keep it, probably wish their leaders and elders had been more careful in the past, instead of obstinately monkeying with the gates of hell.

It is just as well, now we are in for it, that we should remember who it was got those gates ajar; probably for no worse motive at the time than to scare the timid. In a community in which craftiness and bad manners were condemned, in which it was usual for the citizen to be educated and thoughtful, there would be no need to remind our neighbors of what kind of men are Bonar Law, Carson, and F. E. Smith. In such a community such men would be harmless, and even funny. But when it is the Leader of the Commons who justifies the death of the Mayor of Cork, without public trial, because the mayor is a member of a rebel organization, and rebukes Labor when it appeals for mercy; and when it is the Lord Chancellor (Galloper Smith) who charges Labor with being wild and revolutionary, we are forced to see that, though the spectacle of these men is unseemly, nevertheless the public is still so gullible that impudence is likely to succeed with it again.

Has everybody forgotten what was happening in Ulster for some years before 1914? Just before the war, thousands of men armed with German rifles marched to a grand parade—in one place under a banner stretched across the street inviting the Kaiser to their aid—to be inspected by Sir Edward Carson and the late Lord Londonderry, with our present Head of the Law galloping about as a sort of A.D.C. to the Rebel Chief. A week before war was declared, on a Saturday afternoon, Belfast (part of it) made an uproarious holiday of a display of German rifles and machine-guns. The local "Unionists" were exceptionally proud of the machine-guns. Apparently the fools were unaware that machine-guns are what soldiers know as "frightful bloody brutes." Or is revolution with machine-guns not revolution at all, but something full of honor and dignity, when it is engineered, not by working folk, but by the "right"

people? We should like to know. It is a question which is going to be asked till an answer comes.

I was in Ulster at the time, and witnessed events which few Englishmen, when condemning a certain Council of Action and the activities of Sinn Féin, appear to know ever took place. Why should they? The Tory Press, now so severe with Bolsheviks and revolutionaries, then blithely boasted of their Tory revolution. I do not blame these gentlemen for generating the atmosphere for civil war, and organizing to meet it—that is not the point; but we should be glad to hear why the Leader of the Tory Party, who knows quite well there are times when a man so moderate as himself may encourage other men to arm (with machine-guns) against the British Constitution and to defeat its decrees, should now become the judge, without trial, of another rebel whose guilt cannot be greater than his own, and should take that very Constitution as his sufficient ground. Is armed rebellion by our propertied classes and "best people" against constitutional government a class privilege, as were the Game Laws and the Enclosures of the Commons? Is it forbidden to common folk to behave like Mr. Bonar Law? May not Mr. Smillie act like Sir Edward Carson if he happens to disagree with Parliament? Or will the Lord Chancellor, once in rebellion against the State, from his legal knowledge inform Labor—possibly through next Sunday's "Weekly Dispatch," his usual medium—why it is proper for some men to encourage British citizens to arm against the King, while it is very wicked for others to do so?

Yet perhaps it is not hard to guess at the reasons for the frank derision of Carson, Bonar Law, and Smith, for established law. The Ulster rebellion was initiated by those who had been makers of law, and who had even received money from the State to maintain the laws they had helped to make. They would know, therefore, what they were about. Who could know better? It is possible that admittance into the secrets of rightly governing a nation gives one a contempt for both the government and the governed. They were all three aware that the Constitution is nothing, if you feel yourself safe when breaking it. Legality, maybe, depends on the amount of force behind the threat one makes to the properly constituted authority. Will the Lord Chancellor inform Labor, through one of Lord Northcliffe's publications, whether what I have suggested is good law? Are the Council of Action and Dail Eireann unconstitutional, not because they are wrong, but because our "best" people feel assured they can intrigue the forces of the State to defeat these new bodies, as once they caused the King's troops to mutiny at Curragh against the duty of seeing that British law was obeyed? When these "best" people grow indignant with Labor and the Irish for being unconstitutional, we understand what they fear. They fear they will lose control. It is control, not the Constitution, which they love. It is worth pointing out here, as an illustration of what good citizenship may be, that at the very time when Carson was not hunger-striking, but was freely inspecting a large force armed with Mausers within the British realm with the avowed object of defeating the law with it, a railway porter was sentenced in Surrey to six months' imprisonment for nothing more than giving away to young men pamphlets which declared that, according to Jesus, killing is murder, and soldiering, therefore, is evil. No; it is not the Constitution which the dominant class loves; it is control. There is probably not a young man who went through the late war who would not now admit that Carson, whom we have honored, was a mere begetter of evil, and that that nameless railway porter, whom we punished, was a wise and far-seeing gentleman.

I have seen enough of militarism to loathe it as an outrage on the intelligence; but it is only the last word in force as an argument. Preferring the work of reason, if more tedious, I will recall to the memory of those who have forgotten Ulster before the war, and are now condemning Sinn Féin and Labor, what they once

* "The Attorney-General . . . says that my doctrines and the course I am taking lead to anarchy. Does he not think I know that?"—Sir Edward Carson, at Glasgow, October 1st, 1912.

permitted in the realm without protest. I went to Ulster first in 1911 as a journalist, because Catholics were being held before open furnaces by Orangemen on Queen's Island, Belfast. I did not believe the story before I went. But it was true. Carson and his Tory backers, instead of correcting bigotry which led to such vile excesses, used it as the base of their power against the constituted authority at Westminster. "To hell with the Pope!" Every historic enmity and fear was encouraged and embittered. The working people of Ulster were divided and turned against each other. One lot marched in processions, carrying at its head a Bible on a cushion protected by pikemen, and heartened by a frantic beating of tom-toms. The sound of the unrhythmic drums was precisely that which chills the spine of a white man when first he hears it throbbing in the jungle. The frenzy was cleverly worked up. The excitable crowds massed and were kept well alight. Money was subscribed among the "best" people for the purchase of arms. These were got past our navy and police, with remarkable ease, into Belfast. The houses of the "best" people in Ulster were turned into ammunition dumps and war hospitals. The German war-correspondents arrived; and nobody will ever be able to estimate just how much the portentous and confidential chit-chat of noble dames in London and in Ulster with Germans (who, of course, were anxious to know exactly what would happen) had to do with at least the date of the war. There was a Provisional Government. There were plans for seizing the Ulster Custom Houses. Drilling with arms went on daily, and there were great reviews every other week. Picture postcards of King Carson with his most truculent look, and of Belfast in flames, were in all the popular shops. Everybody in Ulster was aware that calamity approached, but Carson, Bonar Law, and Smith (there were others, all firm constitutionalists when talking to Labor) tried to douse the increasing flames of calamity with more petrol.

People in England will never quite know what was happening in Ireland then. They depended on the English Press; and, for the most part, the Press lied about it, or justified a bloody revolution as an only course. Unluckily for all these clever gentlemen, something worse happened than even their civil war. The Tories, having proved that a revolution may be righteous, were caught out by a war which has demonstrated to everybody how revolutions may be made, whether righteous or not. The only cautious man among all the Tories was Lord Lansdowne, who smelt danger when it was yet afar. The Tories preferred to listen to Lord Northcliffe and Lloyd George. But F. E. Smith may be assured that when now he talks of Bolshevism through an august legal wig, who he really is, and the example he once set working folk, is remembered. There is no escape now from the consequences of the Ulster rebellion. Nor is it of any use to pretend that the knowledge of the righteousness of revolt came from Moscow. It came first from a place much nearer the Constitutional Club.

H. M. T.

Mssir.

THE FORTHCOMING EDITION OF TUDOR MUSIC.

WIDESPREAD interest has been aroused, not only in professional circles, but amongst all civilized Englishmen, by the announcement that a comprehensive edition of the sacred music of the Tudor period is now—at long last—in course of preparation. Readers of THE NATION may, therefore, be glad to have such particulars as are available.

First, as to the music itself. The impression has been formed in some quarters that extensive discoveries of hitherto unknown Tudor music have recently been made, and that the main object of the proposed edition is to make these discoveries known to the world. That is not the case. The manuscripts and printed part-books which are to furnish the material for the edition

are for the most part well-known, in the sense that they have been fully catalogued, and that the contents of each of the principal libraries can easily be ascertained by anyone who cares to interest himself in the subject. But—and this is the point—nothing more has been done, or at any rate had not, until Dr. Terry and his coadjutors took the matter in hand. The part-books remained part-books only; they were never put into score, and you can stare at part-books till you are blue in the face without being able to form the slightest impression of their combined effect as music. To score the parts is thus virtually to re-discover the music, and it was in this sense (as Dr. Terry pointed out recently) that Sir W. H. Hadow spoke of the "discovery" of these compositions, and was justified in so speaking.

Second, as to the ground that is to be covered. All of us must hope that the complete output of the sacred music of the period will eventually be published, but the existing scheme does not at present look so far ahead as that—at any rate, not officially. Up to the present it has been definitely agreed to publish ten volumes, the contents of which have been provisionally selected as follows: (1) Taverner, (2 and 3) Byrd (English), (4) Byrd (Latin), (5) Gibbons (complete), (6) Tallis (complete), (7) R. Whyte (motets), (8) Tomkins (services), (9) Merbecke and Aston, (10) Weelkes and Ward. Several omissions from this list occur at once to the mind; it had better be recorded, therefore, that the selection is in extremely competent hands, and that it is much wiser to wait and see what they have to give us before we begin to complain because Tye and Fayrfax—to name two very obvious names—have been left for a later series. Taverner's pride of place will occasion a good deal of surprise. None of his works has hitherto been scored, and he is an entirely unknown quantity to the vast majority of musicians; but those in the best position to know are absolutely confident of the verdict as soon as the contents of this volume are available for study (the autumn of 1921, it is hoped, may see it published). The Whyte volume is another that will probably upset a good many calculations. The present writer has been privileged to see a few of the newly scored MSS.; opinions will differ as to their ultimate value, for they possess extremely positive virtues and extremely positive failings, but one thing is certain—they exhibit little of the "delicate, grave charm" which Dr. Walker names as the chief characteristic of this composer, and our conception of a "quietly dignified genius" may have to go by the board altogether. His genius may not be undignified but—as here revealed—it is decidedly unquiet.

Apart, however, from the lesser known writers, the publication of the complete works of Tallis, Byrd, and Orlando Gibbons in a uniform and authoritative issue, would alone make this undertaking of the Carnegie Trust a memorable one. Gibbons is not in such bad case as the other two, as a good selection both of services and anthems was published by Ouseley, whose frequent and very superfluous apologies for his text at any rate give one reason to hope that he refrained from tampering with it. That we shall know in due course. Tallis—at any rate so far as concerns his Latin compositions (by far his most important work)—is a standing reproach to our national conscience. The first part of the Lamentations—than which the sixteenth century produced no finer music—was edited by Royle Shore and published in 1914, but the second part (so far as the writer can discover) has never yet appeared. The great Mass was also published many years ago (editor, Dr. Terry), but is now unobtainable, unless one chances on a second-hand copy. *Cantiones Sacre* have remained unscored from 1575 (when the part-books were published) to the present day, except for two or three quoted by Hawkins and Burney, and one ("O Sacrum Convivium") included in Dr. Terry's series of Downside Motets. Byrd has not been so neglected as Tallis, but we have done pretty badly by him. The three Masses have all been published in score at one time or another, but only the five-part one (publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel!) appears now to be obtainable, except by accident. The Gradualia have not been

scored, nor have the 1575 and 1591 series of *Cantiones Sacre*. The 1589 series was reprinted in score by the Musical Antiquarian Society in 1842; it is a clumsy volume, but worth having, if only for the prefatory remarks of its editor, W. Horsley, who is assured of immortality as one of the Seven Nincompoops of Christendom. What he wanted was "well-conducted modulation" and "correct rhythm." He found neither in Byrd, and he was much aggrieved. Moreover, "consecutive fifths and eighths are often found, more especially those which are *hidden* . . ." Poor W. Horsley! No wonder he was disillusioned by the *Cantiones Sacre*: "Judging from a few favorable specimens, and trusting, as I am bound to confess, too much to the applause which has been lavished on them for more than two centuries, I had formed notions of their excellence which exist in my mind no longer." It is to be hoped that the Carnegie trustees have duly pondered this verdict before committing themselves.

It remains to add one or two technical considerations. First there is the vexed question of barring. Most compositions of the period, as is well-known, have no bars, but this is not invariably the case. Towards the end of the period the bar line begins to appear; the bar lines, however, are as a rule irregular, and the question the committee have to investigate is whether the bars in these cases afford any clue to the rhythmical structure of the piece, or whether they were inserted merely as a convenience for the performer. Where there are no bar lines, three courses are possible: (1) to leave the bar lines out, (2) to bar each voice separately according to its most natural accentuation, (3) to insert regular bar lines in accordance with the measure indicated by the time-and-prolation-signatures. Of these, (1) would hardly meet the requirements of modern readers. (2) has a good deal to be said for it, but would give rise to controversy. The rhythm of this music has all the irregularity of prose, and probably no two prosodists would scan any given piece of prose in exactly the same way, though they might be in agreement as to the general principles of prose scansion. (3) seems on the whole the best. At any rate, it conforms to the metrical directions given by the composer, and it must be remembered that although the measure does not in any sense control the rhythm, it performs a very real harmonic function, in regard to the preparation and resolution of discords, the formation of cadences, and the employment of accented passing notes. On the whole, therefore, one hopes that the editors will decide on (3), except when there is some special reason for doing otherwise.

As regards clefs, the decision has been taken. Only the F and G clefs are to be used, with the double G clef for tenor parts. This is the only sane course to adopt. A variety of clefs was all very well in the old days, when reading and playing from score were unknown. From a singer's point of view, any one clef was—and is—as easy to read as any other. All the composer had to do was to write each part in the clef that most closely fitted its compass. But reading half-a-dozen different clefs simultaneously is a different affair altogether; the ordinary music lover (for whom primarily such editions should be adapted) is quite incapable of doing it, and even of professional musicians only a handful are as comfortable with it as they pretend to be. It is one of our little craft-hypocrisies. Adherence to the obsolete clefs is a piece of pedantry that has made most of the big Continental editions utterly useless to the general reader, and we cannot be too thankful that our Tudor Committee has had more sense than to fall into line.

As regards *musica ficta*, the commendable practice will be followed of placing a bracket round all accidentals that are inserted at the editor's discretion, to distinguish them from those actually found in the original. The size of the volumes is to be royal quarto, and a condensed score will be placed under the full score to facilitate rapid reading. If the printers and binders do their part of the work properly, we are going to get something really good—an edition that is not only scholarly, but thoroughly practical.

R. O. MORRIS.

Short Studies.

THE VOICE OF JERUSALEM.

At first I told the parlourmaid I would not see the stranger from London, so angry was I at this increasing practice of intrusion into my rural privacy; this unheralded descent by the ill-timed train that brought beggars and bores to my door in the very middle of the luncheon hour. To aggravate matters and my righteous wrath there was no train to deport them till tea-time, unless they were jetted back with the velocity of a tennis-return, and the stroke was not easy. Thus, as the village held no place of rest, amusement, or provender, and it was the dry interval even at the foodless inn, and as violent rain-storms would maliciously coincide with these visitations, I must perforce shelter, feed, and entertain my persecutors, to the destruction of my working hours. My soul was yet bitter with the memory of the gaunt, hollow-eyed lady who only the week before had profited by her opportunity to pour out for two hours on end—as if in emulation of the rain without—a tragic torrent of words, a pitiless, pitiful flow, unrelieved even by a comma, some sordid but unintelligible tale of a shell-shocked son in a lunatic asylum. The only point at all clear from her impassioned incoherence had been that not even Heaven could help her, and the wisdom of Shakespeare had been borne in on me, as so often of late:

"Things without remedy should be without regard."

At the best it was not easy to work with the insistent, dull booming of the guns from across the Channel, that unrelenting reminder of civilization in its agony of dissolution; of millions of breaking hearts. The one compensation the war brought me—I used to tell myself grimly—was that it cut off the bulk of my callers from quartering themselves upon me for the night, for they were mainly aliens, friendly or neutral, and the coast was a "prohibited area."

The latest pilgrim bore a Polish name: I was to that extent safe. Perhaps soothed by this circumstance or some digestive process, I modified my harsh instruction to the parlourmaid. The man could wait in my study. But I steeled myself against inviting him to join my meal, which for the rest was half over.

At the first glimpse of him, sitting patient in my study, deep in his book, my heart smote me. A softness emanated from his dreamy eyes, his face covered with a reddish down, his short russet beard, his neat tweed suit, his grey shirt and collar. I saw at once he was not of the tramp species, whether of the malodorous, haggard, beery type, or of the genteel variety by which I used to be taken in before I noted that the boots with which it had tramped from distant towns were immaculately polished. But I was not sure that the *Luftmensch* species—the air-man without a machine who floats like a gossamer the wide world over—was not the more troublesome to tackle. For this is a Jewish type, assertive that "all Israel are brethren," and insistent on its right to travel and study at the fraternal expense, without even preliminary consultation. My visitor was visibly of this high-handed order. Futile to ask him "Am I my brother's keeper?" I should at the very least have to pay his fare back to London.

He began—cunningly, I thought—with some questions upon the book he was reading, which proved—ominous confirmation of my worst fears—a work of my own. I answered his queries sceptically, slipping—as soon as the maid was out of earshot—into the German he spoke more easily than English, and awaiting almost impatiently the moment of transition into finance. But there was no sign of precipitation. He had written a little German book on the Kabbalah—printed in the East End before the war—and offered me a paper-covered copy, already inscribed to me with Oriental floridity. All this was in the formula; the only question was, would he name the price or leave it to me. But there was no light of cupidity in those gentle brown eyes; he observed mournfully that he had sent it to many Englishmen of

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light and leading, as well as to foreign monarchs. But not one had even acknowledged its receipt; there seemed no interest in the nature of God, or His relations to man.

Little by little, but still half-incredulous, I began to feel that this interest was the only one that appealed to him. For, as he deviously reached the purpose of his visit, it grew obvious that he was a dreamer of the Ghetto, whose inherited means from the parental pawn-shop fortunately sufficed for his moderate wants—assuredly he ate no luncheon that day—and that his only hunger was for God.

A life-long ponderer over the old mystic Hebrew books, he was still groping for more theologic light; even the Kabbalah had left much obscure.

"But whom then can I consult?" he demanded in despair, when I modestly disclaimed any special illumination or information. "I came to London, knowing it was the capital of the world, and that there I would find all the great Englishmen, and I took it for granted they would be glad to compare notes with me about God. But no! I cannot get to hear of anyone who is willing or able to discuss divine philosophy. Surely you can give me the name of somebody."

My mind ran over the seven millions of Greater London, coursing to and fro like a frantic sheep-dog. "There used to be people," I murmured apologetically, with an eye on the despised Victorians of my youth. "But I really cannot think of anybody who lives in London, or even the suburbs."

"But with all your great statesmen!" he protested.

"Divinity is not their *Fach*," I explained defensively. "Perhaps Mr. Balfour," I wondered, with a hopeful memory of Gifford Lectures.

"I have read him," he replied unexpectedly. "But he is not deep. What has God to do with Doubt?"

I was taken aback, and there was a pause of musing silence.

"I went to Downing Street yesterday," he avowed presently, "to ask Mr. Lloyd George to talk to me about God."

"Lloyd George!" I echoed, startled.

"Yes," he said simply. "He often talks as if he knows all about God. With him there is never any Doubt. I thought he might give me the light I need. And I too might be able to help him."

I stared. "But he didn't see you?"

"He did not refuse."

"You saw him?" I gasped.

"Not yet," he replied tranquilly. "On second thoughts I did not like to ring the bell, because I thought after all he does not know me. But you will give me a letter to him."

I saw that with his saintly craft he had at last arrived at his point.

"Oh, but it is impossible!" I cried instinctively. "*Ausgeschlossen!*"

"You don't know him?" he asked, disappointed.

I admitted we were not absolutely unacquainted. But the idea of the Prime Minister of the British Empire at this supreme crisis in world affairs—with the war going against us too just then—according an interview to an obscure individual seeking God with a German accent, seemed to me of the last fantasy. With an uneasy levity I urged that Downing Street during the war was a "prohibited area" for theology. But he would not see it. Surely God was the thing that mattered most, he insisted.

I tried to soothe his disappointment by recalling other personages who might be willing to chop theology: provincial professors, even Oxford Dons. But he said with a sigh that they would not be handy for talking to, as new difficulties presented themselves.

Embarrassed, I offered him coffee, but he refused gently. I foraged desperately in my spiritual larder, scouring its recesses for scraps of Hebrew theology from Saadia to Crescas; showily produced the Plotinian mysticism of Ibn Gabirol (the mysterious Avicbron, inspirer of Duns Scotus), whose poems I happened to be translating, and somewhat placated my taskmaster by disparaging the rationalism of Maimonides in favor

of that poetry and Moses Ibn Ezra's. Brightening, he recalled Bachya's proof of the Unity of God, and told me of an Arabic work on the vegetative, animal, and universal soul falsely ascribed to Bachya, in which, I learnt with surprise, the unknown medieval philosopher had anticipated Bergson's thesis that intellectual disturbance through cerebral injury was no proof of soul's dependence on body, inasmuch as the brain was but the medium of the soul, which could not work through a damaged instrument. But this liveliness flickered out again when he remembered that I did not live in London, and was beyond his means for frequent consultation. Unless, perhaps, I would correspond!

Vehemently I pointed out that such subtleties could be solved only *vivâ voce*, demanded the Socratic method; one could thresh out more in a quarter of an hour than in a month of letter-writing.

"That is what I say," he admitted. "As from the fire of the soul was, according to your Ibn Gabirol, the body created, so from the sparks struck out by two souls is the body of Truth created. Then I must write myself, asking Lloyd George to talk to me," he concluded with resignation.

"Useless," I warned him. "He would never see your letter."

"Never see my letter?" he repeated in naïve surprise.

"No—there are barriers of secretaries between him and his correspondence. Just think! He has to direct the greatest war in all history!"

"Is that a reason for not thinking a little about God?"

I strove to appease him with a cigarette. But he waved it austere aside.

And when I accompanied him to the station—for thus far had my politeness grown—he was still puzzling over the immense and incredible situation that there was nobody in the metropolis of the world who could or would talk with him about the only thing that really mattered to humanity, and that in particular the man in charge of the greatest war in history would not devote an hour now and again to the study of the nature of God.

But gradually his face resumed the old brooding light.

The may and the fool's-parsley gleamed thick in the sunlit hedges, the larks trilled skywards, the cuckoo's golden phrase came glamorously pervasive, the young wheat waved green; and as we passed through fields of daisies and buttercups we must fain skirt the crouching calves, chewing unperturbed by the drone of the guns. That sinister booming penetrated as little to my companion. The voice of Jerusalem was all he heard. Even the thwarted purpose of his pilgrimage was forgotten, and Lloyd George had passed from his ken. He was thinking only of the Eternal.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Letters to the Editor.

THE GOVERNMENT AND MR. KAMENEV.

SIR,—Mr. Kamenev, being an old acquaintance of mine, I went on Friday evening last to take my leave of him. As one who has always wished and worked for good relations between the peoples of Russia and this country, I expressed to him my deep disappointment at the sudden turn of events, amounting to a practical breach of the negotiations between the two Governments. I asked Mr. K. to what he ascribed the sudden turn in our policy; to which he replied, enigmatically, that at any rate he was quite sure that the four charges thrown at his head, in so delicate and courteous a manner, by the Prime Minister at Friday afternoon's interview, did not form the real reason for the change, but obviously were mere pretexts; and, possibly, that tactical considerations in regard to an approaching election may have been nearer to the real cause.

I had also to confess to him that his estimate of our volatile Mr. George seemed more correct than my own, for I had

on several earlier occasions done my best to convince him that the Prime Minister did actually desire to reach an accommodation with Russia, in spite of appearances which to a stranger to our customs might appear to give an opposite impression. This being the case, I think it possible that Downing Street on Friday overlooked the probable outcome of the methods of that final interview; one that will have very serious effects should circumstances, of one kind or other, in the near future, impel our Government to want to renew the "political" negotiations. This is, that Mr. Kamenev will arrive in Moscow with his earlier opinion fairly fixed and hardened, that the British Government has never been sincere in its profession of wishing for a peaceful settlement with Russia; but, on the contrary, has all along desired, and still desires, the opposite. We may take it for granted that opinion in Moscow itself has been, at the best, divided upon this point. Mr. Kamenev's report will do much to increase the weight of those who thought like himself; and in so far as there is reason to believe that his general outlook upon the politics of Western Europe agree with that of Mr. Lenin, the evil that may result can hardly be exaggerated. Because, confirmed in this opinion, and incensed by the extraordinary language used in qualification of the Soviet Government's honesty in general, and of the personal honor of the President of its Political Mission in particular, it is little likely—without some at present unforeseen big shift of the European political scenery—that the responsible authorities in Moscow will agree to renew negotiations which so far have led to nothing but waste of the world's time and insults to their representatives.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD GRENFELL,
Capt., R.N. (Retired).

(Naval Attaché, Petrograd, 1912-1917.)

London. September 14th, 1920.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.

SIR,—Professor Herron describes in your issue of August 28th the "new renaissance" in Italy which, he confidently hopes, strives for a brotherhood of nations throughout Europe, and a great moral and social renewal generally. I venture to say that like tendencies are to-day universal among serious and sincere thinkers in every country of the world, and it is a most hopeful message to hear from such a competent observer that Italy is foremost in this. A Government which comprises the venerable name of Benedetto Croce, as Minister for Education (not mentioned by Professor Herron), by this alone is certainly above the usual Cabinets of cynical political routiniers.

Yet I wonder whether Professor Herron does not somewhat overrate the political influence of this new spirit. It is perhaps going too far to assert that Chauvinism counts for nothing in the councils of the Government or in the aspirations of the people. Professor Herron mentions the splendid help afforded to Vienna's children by Italian municipalities, though he should perhaps have added that this was almost exclusively the work of very radical Socialists who were always violently opposed to Chauvinism and combated Italy's participation in the war. In any case the official Italy has also shown a more enlightened spirit as to the needs of European reconstruction than some of the other victorious Powers. Italy co-operated with England and America in sending food for the relief of Vienna. Moreover, her business men appeared in Vienna immediately after the Armistice, long before English or American traders were permitted to visit Vienna. The clever Italians profited therefore enormously by the low value of the krone, and bought up everything obtainable in Vienna and Austria at ridiculously low prices.

If the new mind is to gain ascendancy it must show moral boldness. Compromising with nationalist passions or traditions would rapidly destroy the new seed. If one lends a finger to the devil of nationalism he surely and firmly grasps the whole hand. How can, e.g., Italy support the claims of oppressed people as long as she occupies by force purely Slav and German provinces with many hundred thousand inhabitants protesting against her rule?

Unfortunately the present rulers of Italy do not seem to be quite so far-seeing as Professor Herron appears to think. Only the other day the German South Tyrol was annexed, and with very little resistance in the Chamber; neither have the claims to great districts of purely Slav nationality been waived. Moreover, Italy seems very keen to push her claim to an indemnity from Austria, as the proceedings at Spa have shown. Of course, from the nationalist standpoint this is all right. But a true idealist should recognize that Italy has had some share in bringing about the present collapse of civilization in Europe. Italy's attack on Turkey for the conquest of Tripoli was the prelude to the Balkan War and contributed very materially to the outbreak of the world war. It can hardly be denied that Italy joined the Allies chiefly for imperialistic motives. Moreover, when Austria offered peace at almost any price in 1917, even France was ready to conclude it, but Italy insisted on the continuation of the war till Austria was shattered to pieces completely. The war went on, millions of lives more were sacrificed, and Europe was Balkanized in conformity to Italy's demand.

Should these considerations not induce a serious idealist not to insist on exacting indemnities from Austria? As things are at present, the claim for indemnities paralyzes any revival of economic life, and consequently burdens the Allies with the relief of Austria. Even mere business considerations should therefore warn her against such a step.—Yours, &c.,

OBSERVER.

DARWINISM AND MENDELISM.

SIR,—I gather from recent articles in THE NATION that Mendelism is now having it all its own way, and that the method by which Darwin supposed Natural Selection to act is superseded, mainly or entirely. It is more than fifty years ago that I made a serious study of Darwin's "Origin of Species," and perhaps this date alone is sufficient to account for my less familiarity with the principles of Mendelism. Still, I have read what came in my way, and have tried to keep an open mind. The general result is that I find the greatest difficulty in accounting for the origin of species in Nature on Mendelian principles, though I fully see the enormous importance of Mendel's work as bearing on artificial selection. For instance, though I have looked for it, I have never seen the Mendelian answer to the difficulty with the co-operative societies of insects. One can dimly see how the bee organization could possibly have arisen by the minute, but always advantageous, variations that Darwinism presupposes. By this method small changes in one part of the organization might conceivably be advantageous: but how a great change, a sport, a change *per saltum*, could be, seems inconceivable. It would, rather, be fatal; because the other parts of the organization would be unadapted to a great change, though they might be adaptable to a small one. I do not say I can conceive the method, but I can imagine Darwin conceiving it. The physicists, it is to be observed, are more and more coming to the assistance of Darwin. Darwinism asks for unlimited time, and the physicists seem willing to cash any cheque that the biologists and geologists wish to draw on time. The argument that Mendelism demands less time than Darwinism has less force with every fresh discovery in physics. Time, apparently, is no object at all. The imperceptible inch gained in one hundred years, becomes, if the average rate is maintained, about two miles in ten million years: and ten million years is readily granted.

Why is a cross between white and negro a mulatto? Why is a cross between allied species a hybrid? Why do not these follow Mendelian laws? The Darwinian's answer is easy—because Mendel's laws only apply where advance has been made *per saltum*, and this is not the way that advance has been made under Nature, and has produced the negro and the species.

These are only some of the difficulties that beset me: but I am quite aware how incomplete my study of Mendelism is, and am prepared to find that they are not difficulties to the Mendelian expert.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HOOKHAM.

Llanaber, Merioneth. September 14th, 1920.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE AND THE MINERS.

SIR,—On the eve of the calamity of a threatened industrial war, is it too late to appeal to reason? The principal sufferers will be the non-combatants, women and children, and poor men.

As one outside the Labor Party, I agree that in the words of Mr. Justice Sankey, the present system of colliery management stands condemned, and that the Government have only shuffled with the claims of the miners. Further, I am inclined to agree with the Triple Alliance and the Trades Union Congress, that the present claims of the miners "are reasonable and just." The industrial claim of wages is easily adjusted; but the political claim of the reduction in the selling price of coal brings Mr. Smillie and his friends right up against the policy of the Government. I prefer the miners' policy to the Government policy, and am of opinion it would ultimately work out in greater benefit to the whole State; but it is certainly not a question to embroil the whole nation in a strike.

Let the miners argue the question before the country and settle it at the ballot box. This Government cannot go on for ever. Surely Mr. Smillie, who advocated settlement of the war by negotiation, is not the man to push the nation to the extremity of industrial war, when a saner and more decisive result may be obtained "broad based upon the people's will."

Don't let him make the mistake the Germans made when they abandoned the policy of peaceful penetration for war—the bone for the shadow. British people can be led, not driven, and they have already found out the present reactionaries. Only Lenin and Trotsky would try a strike now, and the nimble Premier and his gramophone Press would so play upon the fears of the people as to make an alternative Government impossible.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. WANDLESS.

84, Scotch Street, Whitehaven.

THE "SPECTATOR" AND "THE NATION."

SIR,—I am a regular reader of both THE NATION and the "Spectator," and have, in consequence, acquired perhaps an excessively cynical outlook on present world affairs. This may, of course, be quite justified, but it is both objectionable and degrading. I am prepared to sift the opinions I glean from either of the above reviews by what I judge to be the self-consistency of each, but this test only gives reliable results after prolonged application. Politics is such a complex, that diverse opinions can easily be arrived at honestly by deduction from the same set of facts; but surely in the case of two thoughtful and independent journals the facts should be the same. I am not here drawing attention to any perversion of facts, but merely to the omission of such as may seem irrelevant to the question at issue, and in respect of which the less informed reader might desire a proof, or at least a statement of their lack of importance. I have been particularly interested in the Irish question of late, and am much perplexed over the following problems:—

THE NATION states that thousands of Catholics have been expelled from Belfast shipyards, and that thousands of Catholic homes have been attacked by Orangemen. The "Spectator" thinks the Ulstermen have shown much long-suffering while their Unionist comrades were persecuted in the South and West, and have only appealed to force when the Sinn Fein agitators and murder gangs have commenced actual warfare in Ulster.

The Lord Mayor of Cork is stated, by the "Spectator," to hold a high command in the Republican Army, a body whose lesser agents, at least, are responsible—probably by order of such superiors as he—for the murder of policemen and loyal citizens. To THE NATION the Lord Mayor is merely a man with republican ideals, or, at worst, a passive resister to a foreign and hated régime.

THE NATION has many good words to say for the Sinn Fein Courts in their administration of justice in the South and West. The "Spectator" ignores this, or at least leads us to suppose that the principal function of these courts is to sentence loyal citizens to be murdered or executed as traitors to Sinn Fein. Or it may be that such courts are distinct from those for the administration of such pseudo-

justice as is described in THE NATION, which in its turn, curiously enough, does not seem to regard as important this myth of organized ruffianism.

Then there is some doubt still as to the identity of the murderers of the late Lord Mayor of Cork, but none in the "Spectator," which holds a definite view that a more extreme type of Sinn Fein is here guilty. In fact, the "Spectator" ignores any crimes such as the shooting up of villages and burning down of creameries which THE NATION ascribes to the R.I.C. or the British soldiery. Possibly these occurrences—so frequent—are the evidence of a still redder brand of Sinn Fein.

The affair, in short, is very, very puzzling, and I believe I am not the only reader who would welcome an article in THE NATION on the existence or significance of organized murder in Ireland; or an article in the "Spectator" on the crimes, if any, or reprisals due to the Orangemen, the R.I.C., and the British soldiery in Ireland, and perhaps also on the moral and constructive value, if any, of the Sinn Fein Courts. The granting of my request may increase my cynicism, but always I am—Yours, &c.,

CURIOUS FIFER.

P.S.—Of course, this letter has been sent to both THE NATION and the "Spectator."

[The "Spectator" must speak for itself. As for THE NATION, naturally it has its own point of view about Ireland, and illustrates it from the facts which the newspapers or our own correspondence, public and private, record. But our correspondent is mistaken in thinking that we ignore the other side, e.g., such facts as the "existence and significance of organized murder in Ireland." On the contrary, we have frequently described, deplored, and endeavored to diagnose them. They seem to us, as we have said, condemnatory of our rule, for nowhere else do Irishmen behave in that way, and the problem in Ireland, as elsewhere, is one of final responsibility. But their evil character and influence are not the less apparent and deplorable, and we have never disguised them.—ED., NATION.]

BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETING.

SIR,—Doubtless it is my fault that I do not quite understand all your interesting note on the British Association meeting. But, to prevent further needless misunderstanding, may I be permitted to say that there was no attack on the facts, methods, or immediate conclusions of Mendelian analysis; and that I did not deny the existence of discontinuous variations or of occasional discontinuity in evolution? What did happen was that various other facts and conclusions were adduced, which were, and remain, difficult to reconcile with the hypothesis of an independent, unchangeable factor in the germ for every character of an organism.—Yours, &c.,

F. A. BATHER.

Savile Club. September 9th, 1920.

A PASTORAL.

SIR,—We owe some apology to Cumberland people for a chance mistake in this article last week. The words "Statesman" and "Statesmen," which I had written in accordance with the customs of that county, appeared as "Dalesman" and "Dalesmen," which may be more intelligible to the Southern reader, but are not the correct terms for the ancient freehold farmers of the fells and dales.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

LINCOLN AND THEISM.

SIR,—A correspondent in the issue of THE NATION of September 4th speaks of Lincoln as a Freethinker, and implies that the insertion of the words "under God" in his famous Gettysburg address was out of harmony with his convictions and the whole tone of the address. That Lincoln was not a Christian in the orthodox sense is an undoubted fact, but it is no less clear that, with the freedom of an independent thinker and an utter sincerity, he was a man of deeply religious nature. If anyone questions this, let him

follow out the references to Lincoln's religion in such a book as the "Temple Biography," by H. B. Binns.

However the phrase "under God" found its way into the one address, there is no question as to the text of the Second Inaugural, "With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in." And similarly in the President's first Message to Congress, "Having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear, and with manly hearts." Through the long agony, as it was to him, of the Civil War, there is the clearest evidence, both in public and private utterances, of Lincoln's faith in the reality of the Divine guidance for which he looked, and his trust in the over-ruling purpose of God.—Yours, &c.,

V. D. DAVIS.

2, Milburn Road, Bournemouth West.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Frances Prewett, makes the somewhat surprising assertion that "Abraham Lincoln was a Freethinker." May I venture to ask upon what evidence this statement is based? Judging by many of the recorded utterances of the great President, it would seem that he was a devout believer in God, as revealed in Christ, and that what he did reject was not the Christian verity, but the Churches' misrepresentation of it. How else would you explain such words as these?

"I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell." —(Speech to old neighbors at Springfield, February 11th, 1861.)

Or, again, in a speech made during his first Presidential campaign:—

"I know that there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God." —(Quoted by Lord Charnwood in his "Life of Abraham Lincoln.")

These utterances do not fit in with the popular notion of a "Freethinker"—though, of course, the word is sadly misused.—Yours, &c.,

E. C.

Liverpool.

FRENCH JUSTICE IN SYRIA.

SIR.—The following is a translation of a judgment pronounced by the French Court-Martial at Damascus:—

"Ministry of Justice, French Republic.

"The Court-Martial of the 3rd Division of the French Army of the Orient, assembled at Damascus on August 9th, 1920, having heard the judge-advocate, passed the following judgment on the accused hereunder mentioned."

[Thirty-seven names here follow, comprising officers, leaders of tribes, Government officials, journalists, &c. Moslems, Druses, and Christians all figure in the list.]

The Court found them guilty of connivance with, and giving assistance to, the enemies of France, in order to facilitate those enemies' designs, and the Court has sentenced them to death, with confiscation of all their property, in accordance with Article 20 of the Military Penal Code, and also with the law dated May 19th, 1918, with Article 139 of the Military Penal Code, and Article 9 of the law dated July 22nd, 1867.

"The Court further condemned them to costs, to be recovered from the administrators of their property, and paid directly to the Treasury of the French Government. "The costs amount to 980 francs."

We may give the French the credit of their justice in Syria being cheap, though as a Syrian paper is bold enough to point out—and this is the only comment on this travesty of justice in the Syrian Press—it is difficult to see how the

condemned men can pay the costs when their estates have been confiscated. But the fact that the Court only sat one day, that it only heard the case for the prosecution, that thirty-seven accused were lumped together in one trial, that the enemies of France, with whom they were in connivance, was their own Arab Government, is a precious commentary on the liberal policy our ally is on its own professions following in Syria. The relatives of those of our men who fell in Palestine and Syria to free the Arabs from the Turks, must gain what comfort they can from the fact that at any rate we have the lion's share of the oil of Mosul, whatever happens to the miserable Damascenes.—Yours, &c.,

MID-EAST.

MISSION TO HOP-PICKERS.

SIR,—Each year prior to the war you were good enough to allow us to appeal through your columns for the mission work among the hop-pickers, and again we solicit your kind help.

The work was necessarily and rightly curtailed from 1914-18, and last year it was not normal, but this season the hop-picking will be on a pre-war scale, and the mission work is being arranged accordingly. Nurses are being provided and dispensaries opened; Sunday-schools, lantern and other services are being arranged; concerts and entertainments will be provided; and coffee stalls and barrows are being organized to supply much-needed and wholesome refreshments.

A large body of missionaries, men and women, will devote the next few weeks to work among the pickers, and these will include a body of students from King's College, London, which is this year initiating a college mission, under the direction of the C.E.T.S. Hop-Pickers' Mission, at an important picking centre near Faversham.

This Mission will cost at least £200 this year, and we specially appeal for funds. Probably old students of King's College would like specially to assist in providing the charges of the mission district being worked by K.C.L. men. Gifts of linen for bandages, toys for the younger children, and readable literature will be gratefully received at the offices of the Mission: 64, Burgate Street, Canterbury.

No one who has ever spent a season among the hop-pickers will fail to appreciate the place the Mission plays in making these two or three weeks in Kent profitable, health-giving, and beneficial to the dweller in East London and other populous areas.—Yours, &c.,

C. F. TONES.

64, Burgate Street, Canterbury.

Poetry

CHIAROSCURO.

I.—THE TWELVE BENS.

I DREAMED them as twelve angels with raised hands,
Sun-haloed, blessing Eiré's friends:
I saw them as twelve demons in black hoods,
Cloud-stoled, cursing her enemies.

II.—LAMENT.

Fallen the dark head, the burning eye,
The heart that hid such dreams,
The mouth that uttered them.
Fallen even as Cain and Saul and Judas—
Those strong, vexed souls—
Masters of power, but not of fate.
Ah! fallen, fallen, fallen.

III.—DEATH.

When I am dead the moon will shine,
The lake will lift a bowl to catch her light,
The tree will sing.
—But what is Death?
I am the moon, the lake, the tree.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE. THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Collected Poems." By Edward Thomas. (Selwyn & Blount. 10s. 6d.)
 "Letters of Mark Twain." By E. B. Paine. (Chatto & Windus. 18s.)
 "The Relations of French and English Society (1763-1793)." By C. H. Lockitt. (Longmans. 6s. 6d.)

* * *

I THINK there are times when we all feel a terrible truth in Stevenson's:—

"What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming."

With pretty well the whole world of men at one another's throats, it is at least possible to find unanimity upon one thing, that this is a very vile age admirably suited to the grasping, vulgar, heartless egoists, who thrive on it. Mrs. Thrale in "Johnsoniana" tells the following tale of the great man:—

"A Mr. Strahan, a Scotchman, asked Dr. Johnson what he thought of Scotland. 'That it is a very vile country, to be sure, Sir,' returned for answer Dr. Johnson. 'Well, Sir!' replied the other, somewhat mortified, 'God made it.' 'Certainly He did,' answered Dr. Johnson again, 'but we must always remember that He made it for Scotchmen.'"

There are a few men taking a hand in trying to plant a seedling of sense in this snow-field of folly and wickedness, but lest out of sheer telepathy they should all grow mad together, there must be rest-camps to fall back upon where other music is to be heard besides cat-calls, wails, snarls, and bellows. Is it possible to go out to grass?

* * *

TASTES differ, but I doubt the pasturage of modern letters. There is in literature to-day, critical and otherwise, a great deal of triviality, an almost complete lack of vision or humor, and a perceptible inhumanity negatively expressed. These are the normal signs of decadence, conjoined with small corruptions and ambitions (log-rolling, reputation, and all the rest of it), but to know is not always to love, and if there are people who can find a sanctuary among the latter-day literary saints, I am not one of them. There is besides something unholy in this unnatural alliance between literature and inhumanity, making it plausible, beautifying it, drugging the guileless to see sweets in poisons, and reverting from all the healthier tendencies of modern thought. It may be a mere skin eruption, and the effect of the war, since the older generation of living writers had no fine phrases about the fine lady of literature drawing her skirts away from the pain, death and sorrow of the world lest they should be suspected of that sin against the Holy Ghost of letters—viz., propaganda, "character and feeling." Still, there it is to avoid. Also, the best work written to-day is done by journalists writing (whether consciously or no) literature, not by literary men writing journalism. This may be due to the pressure of the dead hand of economic conditions, for, of course, no man can afford to write a book without a "name" or a private income, unless it be a reprint of newspaper articles, and then the literary critics, if it is not to their material disadvantage, call it "ephemeral." Recant; for there are occasional gleams from journalism, of the beauty and the drama of the world in the midst of its terror, vicious, mean, and venal as most journalism is.

* * *

OUR older literature remains, but there are tracts of it that cannot minister to a mind diseased by our age and are a weariness to read. The fantastic is pleasant, for it is not too remote from our present lunacy to make us feel like strangers, and at the same time takes the sting out of it. But one has to be careful. Vathek, Barnaby's Four

Journeys, Death's Jest Book, Day's Parliament of Bees, Peter Wilkins, and so on, are all right, but what of:—

"As long I dwell on some stupendous
 And tremendous (Heaven defend us!)
 Monstr'-inform'-ingens-horrendous
 Demoniac-seraphic
 Penman's latest piece of graphic" ?

One thinks of Penman at once, and the Castle of Refuge tumbles in ruins. People who feel the flux and impermanence of the up-to-date world, with changes very swift, and each more deadly than what it replaces, will perhaps be attracted by those iridescent bubbles of lyrical thought whose sadness and gaiety commingled seem to be the essence of the transitory:—

"La vie est vaine:
 Un peu d'amour,
 Un peu de haine . . .
 Et puis—bon jour!
 La vie est brève:
 Un peu d'espoir,
 Un peu de rêve
 Et puis—bon soir!"

But this is only a shrug, delicately gestured, and there is not much to be got out of moving the muscles of the humerus by no matter how expressive a grace. Satire is not a very present help, for it lacks poetry, and the harshness of life is such to-day that one cannot live without some kind of poetry. And Laputa is so mild a Hansard of modern experience.

* * *

THE fact is that the mind in these conditions craves solid food, a reassuring steak, and that is only to be found in the great writers; in nature, in philosophy, and in science. One can only rest upon stability, upon a personal endorsement of the august power, holiness, and beauty of life, upon our confidence that the universe will not go on strike. Yet, if we choose nature, a dolorous fine is exacted. Nature, too, is being converted into bonds, and our impression of her will not be in terms of balm for a sore spirit, but of oil, soap, trimmings, patent leather, and other commodities necessary for making us what we are—for human wolves:—

"The world is full of woodmen who expel
 Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
 And vex the nightingales in every dell."

There are a few spiders left, however, commerce not having yet thought of a way of making any money out of them. We only destroy them because they are so cruel. If you go into the garden this time of the year, when there is no missing them, and play the meddlesome god, sermons may be read in spiders. They are extreme individualists, and yet they migrate in company, leaving as an earnest of co-operative principle a shower of leaflets which we call gossamer. Considering their proprietary system, they are too neither intolerant nor covetous. They have no mandatory problems. Transfer half the spiders in the garden into the webs of the other half and the sanguinary engagements you expect never take place. Some of them endure the intruders' presence, recognizing perhaps that no fellow-spider would thus violate the arachnid constitution of his own volition. With others, there is a quick, short rush, a desperate leap into the abyss, but when you expect to view the mangled victim of your godship, there he is swinging at the end of his paid out life-line. And they are as temperamental as minor poets. Some spiders will allow you to stroke their thorax as pleased as kittens, but there is a monster in my garden who shuns publicity to such an extent that he retires under a leaf before I can get within half a dozen yards of him.

* * *

THESE things keep one sane. What the world really cares about is to solve the double problem of personality and society, to make separate individuals live together in peace, or rather, as Kingsley said, to make these things make themselves. It is a tough job, but it will be worked out in the end by the example of failure as well as the inspiration of success. The machinery for this great purpose works among spiders as with Shelley, and if the madman ridicules it in his heart, we can bear him in silence:—

"'They were learning to draw,' the Dormouse went on, 'and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M.—' 'Why with an M?' said Alice. 'Why not?' said the March Hare. Alice was silent."

H. J. M.

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Reviews.

A POLITICAL CONTRAST.

"Satan the Waster: A Philosophic War Trilogy." With Notes and Introduction. By VERNON LEE. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net).

THIS book is something more than the latest literary product of a well known author. It is a trophy of the war for England. It proves what everyone has lately been driven to doubt, that it is possible to be born in England and yet have intellect, to train English minds as well as English muscles, and to impart knowledge to Britons. The problem remains, how is it then possible for a nation to produce a woman like Vernon Lee, and at the same time choose Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Carson as its dictators? The contrast is overwhelming. Put the Prime Minister's most important speech—say that on the Polish crisis the other day—beside the most trifling of Vernon Lee's notes to "Satan the Waster," and it immediately becomes apparent that Mr. Lloyd George leads the English people only as a nurserymaid leads her little convoy of children, by knowing her way about within a radius of half a mile or so, and being quick at guessing what promise or threat will fill them with childish hopes or terrors, as the case may be. As for Sir Edward, he becomes the policeman who misdirects the nurserymaid because he has rashly undertaken fixed point duty in a strange district much too big for his powers of comprehension. One sees the nurserymaid turn in her bewilderment from the policeman who does not know his job to the soldier who does, raising her little song of "Another little war, and another little war, and another little war won't do us any harm." "Certainly not," says the soldier: "it will do you a lot of good. Besides, it is absolutely necessary to prevent another big war." And the poor nurserymaid is not clever enough to ask why wars should be prevented if they are so wholesome. So she takes on the airs of a nursery-governess, and gives a history lesson, starting with the announcement that the independence of Poland is indispensable to the peace of Europe, the children being too young to know that Poland has been dependent and subjugate for a century and a half or so without protest from the nurserymaid, and with a most pacific effect on Central Europe, whatever the effect may have been on the Poles themselves. What the Foreign Office wanted her to say was that Polish independence may be worth a war from the point of view of Balance of Power diplomacy now that there is a possibility of Russia and Germany combining *contra mundum*, the officially correct remedy being the establishment and maintenance of a buffer State between them. What will happen when the buffer State sees the obvious advantage of making a Triplice (as Belgium had to) with the two adjacent bogeys is a speculation outside the nurserymaid's half-mile radius. After all, the European reactions of a war are uncertain and remote: the khaki votes and profits at home are certain. Norman Angell said that wars do not pay; but the nurserymaid has never had her mouth so full of chocolates in her life, and therefore thinks she knows better. If it were not for the sudden appearance of certain hooligans (for so the nurserymaid scornfully classes the working man in Council of Action) with bricks in their hands, and a very evident disposition to shy them, the unfortunate children would be up to their necks in blood literally before they knew where they were, as in 1914.

The nurserymaid has, as she thinks, some clever ideas about war. For instance, why declare war on Russia? Just send Poland arms and ammunition and food, and make our gallant fellows in Dantzic work for her behind the lines whilst our splendid navy blockades and if necessary bombards the Russians. The Russians will not be able to retaliate because we shall not be at war with them; so that we shall have all the fun of being at war without any of the unpleasantness of being torpedoed or bombed or reading casualty lists. Do not suppose that the nurserymaid is sagacious enough to be calculating on what would actually happen: namely, that Russia would be forced to declare war on us, and that the moment she killed a British soldier

we should rush to arms and accept conscription again. If she were Machiavellian enough for that, she would also have gumption enough to know that a forced choice between conscription or revolution might make Lenin master of the situation. The nurserymaid cannot understand Lenin—finds him "incoherent" when every intellectually competent person in Europe finds him only too terribly logical. Lenin keeps on saying to the British workman "Why don't you remove these aristocratic Curzons and Churchills and these bourgeois Carsons and Georges who are standing in our way and yours? You know you will have to do it some day: why not do it now?" He is too much the gentleman and diplomatist to use a shorter word than remove; but his meaning is clear; only the poor nurserymaid cannot grasp it, because she is not accustomed to be spoken to like that. She takes refuge with Mr. Balfour, crying "Speak to this sarcastic man for me, will you, sir?" And he, having wasted the last thirty years of his life helping political nurserymaids over stiles and escorting them past strange cows, does his best for a hopeless client.

Now why do I push this similitude of the nurserymaid so far? Because I cannot get away from it whilst Vernon Lee is standing beside Mr. Lloyd George. You cannot read a page of "Satan the Waster" without feeling like that about the Prime Minister. Vernon Lee has the whole European situation in the hollow of her hand: Mr. Lloyd George cannot co-ordinate its most obviously related factors. Vernon Lee knows history philosophically: Mr. Lloyd George barely knows geography topographically. Vernon Lee is a political psychologist: Mr. Lloyd George is a clap-trap expert. Vernon Lee, as her dated notes to this book prove, has never been wrong once since the war began: Mr. Lloyd George has never been right, as his speeches will prove if anyone will take the trouble to dig them up. Vernon Lee, by sheer intellectual force, training, knowledge, and character, kept her head when Europe was a mere lunatic asylum; Mr. Lloyd George hustled through only because, in matters of wide scope, he has no head to lose. And remember, Vernon Lee is an Englishwoman. Had she been Irish, like me, there would have been nothing in her dispassionateness: the three devastated streets of Louvain would have been balanced (not to say overbalanced) by the three hundred devastated acres of Dublin; and "the broken treaty" would have meant for her the treaty of Limerick. No wonder I had a comparatively mild attack of war fever. But Vernon Lee is English of the English, and yet held her intellectual own all through. I take off my hat to the old guard of Victorian cosmopolitan intellectualism, and salute her as the noblest Briton of them all.

I will now ask the reader to look back a few lines to the string of contrasts which I have drawn between Vernon Lee and Mr. Lloyd George, and ask him to read them again, substituting the name of Lenin for that of our Prime Minister. They immediately become ridiculous; and that is a very serious matter for us. Lenin can say to Vernon Lee, "Let the galled jade wince: *our* withers are unwrung." Lenin has made mistakes of practice, and admitted them. Lenin has made, or at least been forced to tolerate, mistakes in industrial organization which the Sidney Webbs would not have made, and has scrapped them frankly and effectively. Like all the other European statesmen, he has had to wade through atrocities; though he alone has neither denied them nor pretended that they were all inevitable. But Lenin has kept his head; has talked no manifest nonsense; has done nothing without knowing what he was doing; has taken the blather of his enemies as he has taken the bullets their assassins shot into him, without flinching intellectually. And he has surrounded himself, as far as the supply would permit, with men of his own calibre. Lord Curzon was able to hang up the Russian question in England for many months because he was too uppish to communicate with Mr. Litvinoff, just as Lord Randolph Churchill was too haughty to speak to Mrs. Asquith at dinner, when she was "only a Miss"; but Lenin and his extremely able envoy Krassin were not too uppish to communicate with Lord Curzon, even when he was so absurd as to offer his services with a magnanimous air to negotiate between Russia and General Wrangel, as between one European Power and another, on the question of which shall possess that well-known dependency of the British Empire called the Crimea.

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What can we expect if we go on pitting British rabbits against Russian serpents, British boodle and bunkum against Russian fanaticism and realism: in short, sixth-rate political intellects against first-rate ones, and the education and outlook of Henry VII., piously preserved by taxidermist pedagogues in scholastic museums, against the ideas and outlook of Buckle, Marx, Nietzsche, Bergson, and the rest of the live wires of our supercharged time? The whole capitalized world is bursting with an impulse towards "the dictatorship of the proletariat," because the proletariat means simply the whole body of people who live by working, as against the handful who, as the Duke of Northumberland put it, live by owning, or, as Ruskin put it, by begging and stealing. Mr. Smillie can floor Mr. Lloyd George by challenging him to prevent the coal strike, or any strike, by simply making industrial and social service compulsory for all classes (and all incomes) as Lenin has done. Democracy and liberty have no meaning except as affirmations of the vital need for this supremacy of the proletariat; and yet our Prime Minister, ignorant of the meaning of the words, thinks he has only to hold up the phrase as a bogey to the children he is nursemaiding to defeat an antagonist of Lenin's quality. If he can do no better than that with Red Armies ready to spring into existence in every country in Europe and every State in America at a wave of Lenin's hand, the sooner we put Vernon Lee into the position occupied three hundred years ago by Queen Elizabeth the better.

But this is by way of being a review of Vernon Lee's book, and not a phrenologist's chart of Mr. George's bumps. The book, of first-rate workmanship from beginning to end, is far too thorough to leave the reviewer anything to say about it that is not better said in the book itself; but to aid the contrast I have suggested between Vernon Lee's braininess and Mr. George's bumptiousness, I append a few samples of the good things with which "Satan the Waster" is stuffed on every page, merely adding that the dramatic power and stage dexterity with which the work has been framed are quite adequate, and that there is no reason in the world why Vernon Lee should not have been a successful playwright except that her subject matter is above the heads of our theatrical caterers, and, doubtless, of the suburban playgoers whose taste in high politics is for hanging the Kaiser.

"The long duration of this war has resulted less from its hitherto undreamed of military machinery, less from the even more unprecedented wholesale fabrication of public opinion, than from the spiritual mechanism of errors and myths which the vastness, the identity of this war's dangers and sacrifices automatically set up in the minds of all the warring peoples." [The word long should now be omitted, as the war is now seen to have been, in fact, an amazingly short one.]—(Page 20.)

"When war suddenly bursts out among people who are thinking of other matters, the first thing they become aware of is that, in the Kaiser's symbolic words, *they did not want it*. And feeling certain that it was not of their willing, they inevitably lay hold of the belief that the other party must have wanted and willed it."—(Page 22.)

"To the modern conscience in time of peace, war is a monstrosity complicated by an absurdity; hence no one can believe himself to have had a hand in bringing it about."—(Page 23.)

"I need not introduce to you our old friend, *Clio*, Muse of History by profession, but, may I say it by preference and true vocation, dramatic critic."—(Page 33.)

"Self Interest, a most industrious fellow. It is he who, on week days, plays unremittingly the ground bass of Life."—(Page 34.)

"Sin, whom the all-knowing Gods call *Disease*."—(Page 35.)

"Hatred, the stupidest of all Passions, yet the most cunning in deceit, brought with him a double-bass of many strings: shrill and plaintive gut, rasping steel, and growling bronze, and more besides; some strangely comforting in their tone like a rich cordial, although they heartened men to massacre each other."—(Page 36.)

"Ye are going forth, O Nations, to join Death's Dance even as candid high-hearted virgins who have been decoyed by fair show into the house of prostitution."—(Page 45.)

"Calamities of this kind do not spring from the small and negligible item which suffering and angry men call *guilt*."—(Page 94.)

"Not the air and the waters and the earth's upturned soil, nor the grass and the forests, nor the moon and the stars, are, as our ancestors thought, full of unseen and malevolent spiritual dwellers; but a place more mysterious and perilous, namely, the spirit of man, where they lurk unsuspected, and issue forth working subtle or terrific havoc. The spells by which they are let loose are *words*. And the thoughtless magician's apprentice, the unhalloved

hierophant, who plays with them, is the man or woman whom we pay to teach us, preach to us, and, above all, to write."—(Page 134.)

"Certain states of the nerves, nay of the muscles, are incompatible with certain thoughts: a clenched fist, for instance, with the notion that there is something to be said for the other side."—(Page 161.)

"The importance of the notion of evolution and all it has brought with it, lies largely in its teaching us to think genetically, which means thinking in terms not of stability, but of change. And this has led a small school of thinkers of to-day, whose thought will perhaps be dominant to-morrow, to the recognition that, in order to understand what a thing is, we must ask ourselves: What has it been, and what will it become?"—(Page 178.)

"What was the name of that retired Admiral who went about the country sowing acorns in order that England might never lack for oaken timbers, just at the very moment when the first iron ships were on the stocks? We are like that old gentleman; only, instead of acorns, we are sowing hatred, injustice, and folly." [Collingwood. But where is the first iron ship? Nothing of the kind is visible so far except a coffin ship with League of Nations painted on it, and a black flag in its locker. Perhaps something better may come out of the Russian dockyard.]—(Page 180.)

"Indeed, our optimistic talk about *extracting good out of evil* is, perhaps, one of Satan's little ironical tricks for, in his way, extracting evil out of good."—(Page 191.)

"Patriotism, as a collective though compound passion, requires for its existence segregation, opposition, antagonism, and I venture to add: hostility. . . Patriotism can be considered virtuous or vicious only according to circumstances; and hence cannot be called virtuous or vicious taken in itself and, so to speak, in its own right."—(Page 234.)

"Statesmen prudently insisting on Preparedness, imprudently overlook that it calls forth Preparedness on the other side; and that the two Preparednesses collide, till both parties find themselves at war; and, in immeasurable, honest (or well-feigned) surprise, accuse the other party of breaking the peace, thus elaborately and expensively safeguarded."—(Page 245.)

"But what the poor world of reality really requires are heroes who can be heroic, and saints who can be saintly, on their own account, without a crowd to back them."—(Page 285.)

"Indignation (let us admit and try to remember this depressing truth!), Indignation is a passion which enjoys itself."—(Page 287.)

"Our guides and guardians, moralists, philosophers, priests, journalists, as much as persons in office, stand to cut a sorry figure before posterity, singling out, as they do, one of themselves, e.g., the deposed and defeated Kaiser, as most convenient for hanging, but with no thought for some quiet Potter's Field suicide for themselves."—(Page 289.)

"The Nations were not aware of what war might do with their bodies and especially with their souls. But how about their guides and guardians?"—(Page 291.)

"Freedom of the Will, in the least metaphysical, the most empirical sense, is not, as theologians used to teach, a permanent possession of the soul. Its very essence is that it lapses by surrender; and that nine times out of ten, the freedom to do, or to refrain, is lost by the initial choice; and, as regards love or war, can be recovered only when the new circumstances which that decision has brought about, and that new self of yours, have run their course and been exhausted. You are a free agent so long as you have not set that stone, *yourself*, a-rolling. Once the push given, the brink left behind, the forces outside and inside yourself, the strange unsuspected attraction, weight and velocity, reduce you to helplessness."—(Page 295.)

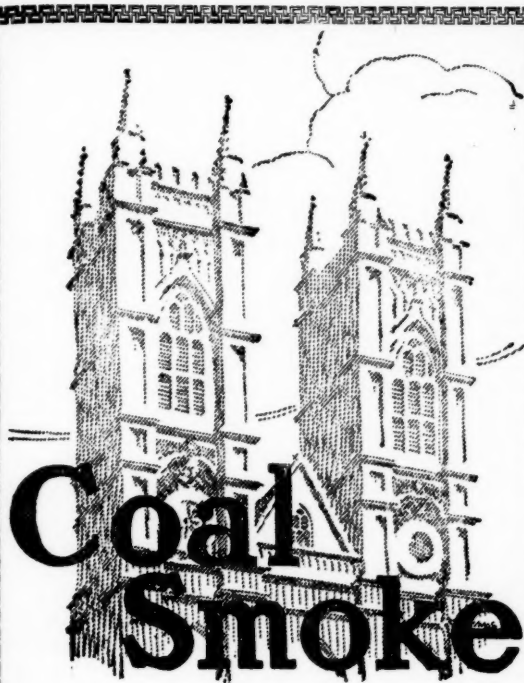
G. B. S.

NATURE POETS.

"The Waggoner, and Other Poems." By EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.)

"A Song of Life, and Other Poems." By WILLIAM H. DAVIES. (Fifield. 5s. net.)

NATURE and poetry have not always been treated as opposables, and it is probable that a healthy poetry would regard the critic who said so as a paradox-hunter. Unhappily, modern poetry is not any saner and healthier than the other branches of the modern system, and one of the symptoms, though not the cause of the fever, is the separation from nature. For modern science has made nature infinitely more interesting to man than ever before in the history of the world; it has multiplied our knowledge of the natural phenomena, not to the loss but the gain of our sense of wonder at the eternal fitness of things. In other words, the faculties of observation and imagination have



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It is nothing less than the blind folly of burning in its raw and unrefined state another national treasure which when used nothing can replace—the coal which is the repository not only of combustible materials—gas, coke, benzole—but of precious dyes, drugs and fertilisers.

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A Grave Crisis.

The outlook for the coming winter causes grave concern amongst relief workers. If the situation is somewhat relieved at the moment, the prospects in Germany, Poland and Austria show few signs of improvement. Thousands of women and children have died during the past twelve months from famine and disease, and unless help is continued during the coming winter, thousands more will perish.

What is Being Done.

The Friends' Emergency and War Victims' Relief Committee has workers in the stricken areas administering relief. In Austria they are supplying some 40,000 children with weekly rations. A recent examination of the school-children of Vienna established the fact that there were only 3.3 per cent. who were not under-nourished. Cows have been bought and hospitals and Infant Welfare Centres are being supplied with 1,750 quarts of milk daily. In Germany the chronic under-feeding is producing a race of under-sized and diseased children. During the first six months of 1920, the Committee has sent £59,000 of *Liebesgaben* which have been distributed through the Zentral Ausschuss, the large Central Committee at Berlin. The proportion of help which Germany is receiving from abroad is about 2 per cent. Other measures deal with children's homes, middle-class relief and student feeding. In Poland the work has been handicapped by the war, but refugees are being helped; our anti-typhus unit is responsible for one of the most urgent pieces of sanitation done in Europe to-day.

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strengthened and supplemented each other in such a way that spiritual reality shall not degenerate into make-believe, and material reality into the staleness of wont and familiarity. The most wonderful of fairy tales have turned out to be the facts and history of evolution, while the scientists, penetrating more and more deeply into the nature of things, have come more and more to use the terminology of art in explaining them. For the self-expression of nature is now seen to be in unity, individuality, creativeness, and process, the most masterly work of art revealed to human senses. One would think, therefore, that this would be of profound interest to poets. But the poets have perceived only the surface ripples of the discoveries about nature, and share with the materialist and the "man in the street" the old-fashioned cockpit view of her which is as true to the whole meaning of life as "Titus Andronicus" is to the whole of Shakespeare. Poetry no longer sees because it lacks the vision to see.

We have been led to these reflections by contemplating the reception given to Mr. Blunden's book of poems. He is a novelty, an original, a bolt out of nature's blue, to be fêted as a countryman in his smock at a fancy dress ball. The only thing new about Mr. Blunden, of course, is his appearance in this age. So far from being a queer new toy for poets to play with, he is an inheritance from the English pastoral tradition, a true type of continuity, of the persistence of the past in the present, of the innate creativeness of the old native and racial genius in its special relation to the soil which it fulfils and by which it is nurtured. Here then in a sense in which Mr. Blunden is "true to nature." Just as our character is an epitome of our whole history, individual and racial, and yet is something special to itself, just as a living creature is a register of ancestral experience and yet is always creating something new from the raw material of its inheritance, so we recognize Mr. Blunden's poems to be introducing a new freshness and reality into English poetry while gathering up the old substance. Nor does there seem to us the smallest danger of Mr. Blunden confusing imagination with observation, or becoming a catalogue instead of a poet, of describing rather than seeing, of reproducing instead of translating or selecting which our modern lack of familiarity with "nature poetry" assumes to be his chief poetic difficulty. To our thinking, Mr. Blunden's danger comes from the opposite direction. He is blessed with an unusually copious vocabulary whose power and richness he has not yet learned to control to his imaginative will. His frequent use of dialect terms is an example, and there is a necessary glossary at the end of the book. Now dialect is a moribund speech, whether or no it still lingers in certain districts, and Mr. Blunden, by relying too closely upon it, is writing not as a poet but an archaeologist. It is noteworthy that the finest line in the finest poem he has yet written—"Almswomen"—"All things they have in common being so poor," is language as common as it is poetic. But there are portions in a volume which, outside the work of Hodgson, Davies, and Hardy, and some of Mr. Turner's poems, gives us more delight than any other modern verse we know, which are picturesque but not true, and in their particular way are professionalisms, as "The quality of mercy is not strained," as most of Byron's and Tom Moore's serious poems are professionalisms.

Mr. Blunden is original, even when he is professionalizing, but none the less he is then falling into the besetting sin of modern verse, which understands the mechanism of versifying so well and the spirit of poetry so little. On the other hand, the moving and beautiful poems—"Almswomen," "The Barn," "The Veteran," "Leisure," "A Waterpiece," make us at once aware that Mr. Blunden's truth to nature is not opposed to but the result of his truth to poetry. Their precise and musical phrasing, their harmonious poise and serenity, their restrained but passionate sense of locality—of being in a definite place and seeing definite things—are the best assurances to us that Mr. Blunden at his best does not put fact and feeling into separate compartments, and that his love and knowledge of the material world of nature do not debar him from a poetic interpretation of it. Of course not. It is because Mr. Blunden reverences life and will not exploit his material for poetic copy that it takes shape in his poetic consciousness for what it is and what it means. Seeing and feeling are one in these poems, united into a new "complex," and if he can keep them together

in the future, he will not only enrich his own expression but he can safely leave his style and idiom to take care of themselves. The faults in the book are due to an over-cultivation not of subject but of style. We quote a few lines from "Leisure":—

"Tranquilly beats the country's heart to-day—
Golden age beckonings, older pastoral things,
Fantastically near and far away,
Stretch in the sunny calm their blazoned wings.
Then tarry, tiptoe moments, nor too soon
Let death beat down your saffron butterflies,
Nor crush your twinkling autumn crocuses,
But in a gradual swoon,
Let long dreams flout till eve accomplishes,
And round the down the tide mist multiplies."

It is curious that among his numerous dedications to living writers, Mr. Blunden has not included Mr. Davies, the only other poet at present writing (with the exception of Mr. Turner) whose work is in poetic sympathy with his. Mr. Davies, of course, is the greater poet (Mr. Blunden has not yet had time to show us what he can do), he is temperamentally different, and what Mr. Blunden is not yet, a poet with a philosophy. Mr. Davies is so perfect a workman and has achieved such a mastery of the lyrical form that a certain injustice has been done to him in this respect. His remarkable philosophic poem—for that is what it is—"A Song of Life," will, we hope, correct the false impression that Mr. Davies is only a "child of nature" who stares at cows and birds and translates their graces and harmonies into a music as beautiful. "A Song of Life," by far the longest poem Mr. Davies has yet published, is just as much the history of a poet's mind as "The Prelude." It is as full of those incomparable felicities of image, metaphor, and lyrical unity as any of the poems of this veteran of the Muses with which readers of THE NATION are happily familiar—the prairie:—

"So full of flowers it could employ the whole
World's little ones to pick them in a day."

is one of many—but it is also the essence of a great poet's view of the world throughout a long, adventurous lifetime. Mr. Davies is not a visionary, but there is in him a shrewdness, mother-wit, and content, a freshness, liberality, soundness, and strength of character, a wisdom of experience and a pity and humanity which, as a matter of fact, have both salted and dignified all but a very few of the poems he has written. "A Song of Life" is the "Autobiography" again, but maturer and in a sustained, and noble poetic form, with a final verdict upon what nature has meant to him. Mr. Davies, like Mr. Blunden, comes to us on the wings of a great tradition.

CROME AND COTMAN.

"The Norwich School." With Articles by H. M. CUNDALL, I.S.O., F.S.A. (Offices of "The Studio." 15s. net.)

The two leaders of the Norwich School, "Old" Crome and John Sell Cotman, represent between them the most vital and interesting division in the psychology of art; all the more interesting in their case because there is no reason to suppose that either was aware of it. As men they had much in common; they were good friends, Cotman made a portrait study of Crome, and it is more than likely that he was influenced in his art by the older painter; but for all that they faced opposite ways. To say that they had different ways of looking at nature obscures the division, because no two men see nature exactly alike; and the differences of temperament described by Mr. Cundall were signs rather than causes of it. Roughly, it corresponded to the division recognized by our forefathers as between Aristotelians and Platonists.

Whatever it is called, the division exists in every department of life. As a rule, the signs and consequences of the two orders of mind are marked enough to prevent misleading comparisons between them. If circumstances allow, the subjects choose or drift into different occupations, or even if they pursue the same they specialize clearly. Thus, in literature the Platonist tends to poetry and the Aristotelian

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to prose; and in painting the one generally produces "imaginative" and the other "realistic" pictures. Consequently there is not much risk of confusion between them. Nobody, for example, would try to judge Botticelli and Velasquez or Shelley and Fielding by the same standards. It is recognized that, apart from any difference of period or individual talent, they were not trying to do the same things. The trouble only begins when both artists use the same form; both write verse—as Byron and Shelley—or both paint sensibly the same kind of picture.

From this point of view, the great value of Crome and Cotman is that, both painting the same kind of picture, they show clearly the consequences of the two orders of mind. Though he does not pursue them to their psychological basis, Mr. Cundall is fully aware of these consequences as they worked out in practice, and what he says about the respective painters will do very well as a text:—

"Crome was content to paint chiefly from nature, grove scenes with oaks, and views on Mousehold Heath being his favorite subjects. He varied his style but little during his life. . . . Cotman, on the other hand, possibly owing to his want of success, varied his style considerably. . . . He (Crome) painted, as he said, for 'air and space,' and took no poetic licence with his subjects; he simply represented nature as he saw her." "Unlike Crome, who always produced nature as he saw it, Cotman was always trying to improve on nature, the fir trees in the original sketch being replaced by poplars."

Neither in these remarks, or anywhere else, does Mr. Cundall make any direct comparison between Crome and Cotman in merit; but the point is that the less reflective reader of the remarks might be led to make such a comparison on false grounds. He might say, on the one hand, that Crome was more true to nature, and, on the other, that Cotman was more poetical. Neither statement would be strictly true. Providing the possibilities of situation and climate are observed, whether it is a fir tree or a poplar has nothing whatever to do with "nature"; and "poetic licence," though right and convenient as Mr. Cundall uses it, often conveys an entirely wrong impression. Properly understood, and as illustrated by Cotman, it does not mean tampering with the truths of nature, but only reducing the facts to the conditions of art. So far as poetical sentiment is concerned, it would be rash to say that Cotman was more poetical than Crome; but he was, undoubtedly, much more poetical in the sense of reducing the facts of nature to the conditions of painting.

There is a story of a cricketer who, going in to bat after lunch, confessed to seeing three balls. "Hit the middle one," his friend advised. He was out first ball. "Well," said his friend, "why didn't you do as I told you?" "I did," said the other, "but I hit it with the outside bat." So, in the practice of art, the Platonist is driven by his demon to hit the middle with the middle. No wonder he is, as Mr. Cundall says of Cotman, "excitable and subject to periods of hilarity alternated with fits of depression." He must not only get the Platonic idea of the tree, but get it with the Platonic idea of his medium. Anything short of mystical union between the two leaves him dissatisfied. If he be a writer it must be not merely the *mot juste* but the word unqualified. The word must become the thing—or the thing the word. It would be going too far to say that his opposite, as represented by Crome, is content with the outside bat of his medium. The truth is, rather, that he is blessedly unconscious of any distinction between middle and outside. So long as his medium will represent nature he does not worry about mystical union between them. This, however, does not mean that Crome was indifferent to essential as distinct from accidental or circumstantial truth to nature. His advice to his son, "If your subject is only a pigsty—dignify it," is proof to the contrary.

Perhaps the simplest way of putting it is to say that Crome got his dignity—his essential or poetical truth to nature—by selection, whereas Cotman got his by translation. No doubt the difference between them was exaggerated by the fact that Cotman painted a great many more water-colors; of which the idiom is much more pronounced than that of oils; but nobody can look through the illustrations to this volume without seeing that the difference was present in all they did. In the treatment of form the Aristotelian can make several bites at his cherry, but the Platonist must "get it in once." There are risks both ways;

and if the forms of Cotman are sometimes wooden, the forms of Crome are sometimes undistinguished. To say that Cotman could not have painted "The Poringland Oak" is only a half-truth. His whole nature would have revolted from any but an idiomatic brush-and-paint translation of the foliage.

It is only when this profound mental difference between the two painters is clearly grasped that both can be enjoyed unreservedly—and without injurious comparisons. With it in view, it may be cheerfully admitted that both in amount and accomplishment Crome was the more considerable painter. But Cotman was always trying to do a much more difficult thing. Both were true to nature, but Cotman was truer to paint. What makes them so interesting in this connection is that both were as nearly as possible natural or instinctive painters, so that the difference is not obscured by theoretical aims. It was the direct action of temperament. In circumstances and education there was very little to choose between them. Mr. Cundall makes the most of Cotman's advantages in birth and upbringing, but, in reality and in view of their common occupation, they did not amount to much. The simple truth is that Cotman was the more artistic of the two in the only sense of the word that matters: as having a keener sense of his medium—which is only one form of that sense of the eternal fitness of things which is the penalty rather than the privilege of the Platonic mind.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Cundall and his publishers to leave the subject without remarking that this is a most glorious picture-book. There are eighty illustrations, eight in color. Most of the Cromes are from private collections, and have never been reproduced before. The minor members of the school are adequately described and illustrated. On the whole, Cotman loses least in reproduction—which is only another way of saying that the closer you get to the middle of things the better you survive the changes of circumstance.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"About Others and Myself: 1745-1920." By Major-General Sir ARCHIBALD ANSON, K.C.M.G. (Murray. 21s. net.)

THIS is a lengthy biography (profusely illustrated by portraits of dusky Sultans, Prime Ministers, and their retinues) of a knock-about career of a soldier who fought in the Crimea, who held a civil appointment in Mauritius, was sent on a mission to Madagascar, was Lieutenant Governor of Penang, and in 1871 was Governor of the Straits Settlements. It is a straightforward narrative told without imagination, but with the pleasing simplicity of a thoroughly honest and trustworthy mind. Sir Archibald Anson was, in a word, the worthy normal type of colonial governor.

"By-Paths in Sicily." By ELIZA PUTMAN HEATON. (New York: Dutton.)

THE late Mrs. Heaton was not a tourist anxious to write a book. She knew the Sicilians as few foreigners could know them, and gained their confidence. She was particularly drawn to the peasants, who talked freely to her of their traditions and superstitions. Most of this book is taken up with the result of her study of the pagan and medieval influences that survive in the island. The darkness of mind, the cruelties and the fears of ages seem ineradicable even in the beauty and light of Taormina. Mrs. Heaton met fisherfolk who talked of Cola Pesce as of a hero well remembered, and was introduced to a child who was cured of rapture by being passed through a slit made in a young oak. That this superstition should exist to-day in Sicily will interest readers of Gilbert White, who spoke of a row of pollard ashes near Selborne which showed that in former times they had been cleft asunder. "The trees," he said, "when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures under a persuasion that by such a process the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity." Mrs. Heaton had a gift for the dramatic narration of the strange tales she heard from her loved peasants.

DUNLOP RUBBER.

AN extraordinary general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd. was held at 14, Regent Street, S.W., on Sept. 10th, for the purpose of considering resolutions—(1) increasing the capital to £20,000,000 by the creation of 12,500,000 additional £1 shares, and (2) to capitalize £7,500,000 and pay a bonus of £3 free of income-tax to the ordinary shareholders by the allotment of £1 shares to that amount, Mr. A. L. Ormrod presiding.

The Chairman said: The resolutions to be submitted for your consideration are two, the first being an ordinary resolution, which, to become effective, necessitates being passed by a bare majority. When it is passed it will provide the company with authorized capital more than sufficient for the purposes indicated in the second resolution, and that resolution is an extraordinary resolution, which, to become effective, must be passed by a three-quarter majority of those represented at this meeting. On the second resolution being passed, the first resolution will have left the company with a balance of 5,000,000 ordinary shares in hand and available for issue for such capital purposes of the company as are necessary now, or as circumstances may arise which may be considered advantageous to the shareholders in the future.

At the date of the last balance-sheet you were left with a reserve fund in hand of £300,000, and after giving effect to the dividends agreed at our last shareholders' meeting, the sum of £400,000 was carried forward. The net profit shown for August 31, 1919, was £1,368,000, and the net profit for the year ended August 31, 1920, should not be less than £2,500,000, subject to Excess Profits Duty. The issued ordinary capital will then be £10,000,000. The holders of the ordinary shares will, on the passing of these resolutions, hold four shares for each one previously held, and the four shares should represent a very considerable premium, as they do not by any means exhaust the real capital value of your assets.

Of the 12,500,000 additional ordinary shares which are being created, you who are ordinary shareholders will get 7,500,000 forthwith allotted to you as bonus, or, as I should prefer to put it, without further payment, and these shares will be entitled to the same dividend that may, in due course, be declared on the 2,500,000 shares in respect of the year ended August 31 last.

Now, as to the 5,000,000 of ordinary capital, which will remain after the full authorization and allocation of 7,500,000. On the passing of these resolutions we intend forthwith to issue as a right to the ordinary shareholders, who will then hold 10,000,000 ordinary shares, 3,000,000 shares at the price of £1 10s. per share, or in the proportion of three new shares for every ten held. At the price of the shares ruling to-day this is equivalent to a further bonus. The issue will be guaranteed. It will provide the company with £4,500,000 more money, less expenses, of which amount £3,000,000 will be represented by nominal capital and the remainder of £1,500,000, less expenses, will be available as a further reserve fund. Payment for the shares will be spread over a period of approximately six months, the first payment being of 7s. 6d. per share, and due on acceptance. Of this amount, 5s. per share will be premium and 2s. 6d. per share capital. The second payment, due on allotment, will also be 7s. 6d. similarly apportioned, and the third and fourth payments will be each of 7s. 6d. per share, payable on November 30, 1920, and February 28, 1921.

There remains a balance of 2,000,000 shares in hand. My own impression is that our capital commitments to be provided for by share issues are now ended. This is not only my impression, but it is also my earnest intention, and the 2,000,000 shares, if not so required, will become available as the occasion may demand, for a further allocation of later reserves. Our recent dividends have appeared out of proportion to the share capital, although they are not really so abnormal in comparison with the money involved. Those who are working for, but not running, the business, get a far from accurate idea of the margin of profit in the business.

This present position is intended to finally close down the Dunlop capital account, and to leave the company in a position to be self-contained as regards its finance, and to make no further issue for the purpose of bringing fresh cash into the business, unless something, at present entirely outside our outlook, should arise. The approximate figures I gave you foreshadow an increase in assets of over £14,000,000 by August, 1921. Now this covers all the expenditure I have previously indicated to you at Fort Dunlop, Pall Mall, Dunlop America, for increased stocks, depots, and raw materials, the cotton mills that are being extended, plant, working capital alluded to, also the replacement of capital expenditure during August 31, 1919. It covers, in addition, what I did not provide for then, viz., the purchase of our power plant at Fort Dunlop from the Munitions Disposal Board, which was made on conditions which were undoubtedly satisfactory, and which, apart from supplying our own needs, is an income-bearing proposition from the fact that it is supplying electricity to the Corporation of Birmingham. It covers much additional machinery and plant, some increased cost of labor on buildings, the replacement of an expenditure on rubber development of over £320,000 to July, 1920. It covers the purchase of and expenditure on a Government factory at Coventry, for the better handling of our rim and wheel and our engineering business, and the purchase and development of a steel manufacturing plant, already of great service. It covers, in addition to the £2,600,000 I mentioned at a previous meeting, a further £1,700,000 for stocks and debtors on potential increased business. It covers balance of further expenditure on the cotton mills, and extension of machinery to make the most profitable use of

our buildings not then contemplated, the purchase of James Hoyle's Ltd.—an income-bearing property since acquired—and the possible provision of a second £1,000,000 for America.

Then there is the income stock on the liability side, amounting to £312,000, which it is intended to wipe out sooner or later, which will take £390,000 when it is done. All the extension of assets and the possible reduction of liability are calling for something in the neighborhood of £14,500,000. To provide for this and to enable us to run on an even keel we shall have the £8,000,000 already practically paid up in full, and the £4,500,000 from the 3,000,000 shares. That will leave us, if or when it is all spent, with something like £2,000,000 to finance. We shall have provided for a total removal to Fort Dunlop, and we can run at Para or Manor Mills just so far and so long as we consider it economical to do there. Our cotton mills are quite capable of running their own finance, although it is allowed for in the foregoing figures, and we shall be in a position, when they have accomplished the purpose for which they were acquired, of disposing of the Nile Mill, James Hoyle's, and, should we think it then desirable, the Ross Spinning Mills. We have other assets that our recent dispositions and developments will render available for realisation, including the Cycle Rim Works, at Coventry, on which negotiations are in progress at the moment.

I have also taken our purchase price of Johore and Segamat, and attendant expenses, at the top figure, without reckoning what we may receive back through one company holding some shares in the other. The profits of last year, subject to some reasonable but substantial deduction for reserve, should be available for distribution in dividends, excess profits duty, the new corporation tax, or other purposes, and any surplus retained increases the amount available for capital purposes. I understand the new corporation tax will entail a deduction, after excess profits duty, in our case of 5 per cent. of the amount available for apportionment by the board and distribution to the ordinary shareholders.

Now, on the other hand, I will ask you to look at what we have got, and what has to produce our revenue. I can tell you at once that the earnings of Dunlop Plantations, as in previous years, are not included in the approximate figure of £2,500,000 I have led you to expect of the profits to August 31, 1920. Their books now close at a different date, and the profits for eight months to the time they were made up exceeded those for the previous year, and will be left there for internal use, as usual.

Since the armistice your directors have proceeded with great energy to complete the policy of centralizing the whole of the company's manufacturing works at Fort Dunlop. Now, 47 per cent. of our present output of motor covers is being obtained from Fort Dunlop. All motor tubes and solid tyres are being produced there; all washing and 75 per cent. of the total mixing required for the three mills. This percentage would have been greater but for the restrictions placed on building and supply of machinery during the war period. I am in a position to-day to inform you that during the last two years so much progress has been made that all motor tyres should be manufactured at Fort Dunlop by the end of 1921. I am assured that Fort Dunlop will be complete then with a manufacturing capacity equal to the whole of the Dunlop requirements, some two and a-half times our present output, as you will have noted, and the policy which your directors set out to attain will have been achieved.

As regards the French company, the new factory will be working by July, 1921, and the output of tyres in France will then be more than the entire output of the Dunlop Company in 1916. The increase in sales in France has been steady and continuous, the turnover in 1920 showing an increase of 80 per cent. The French business will be self-supporting as regards capital in the future. Then, with regard to the subsidiary companies, all these show extraordinary promise and a continually increasing trade, and have been the means of creating for Dunlop a world-wide name and reputation. Events in connection with the new Dunlop America Company, in which we have a 25 per cent. interest in the ordinary shares, are proceeding satisfactorily.

Regarding the Dunlop Plantations and Rubber Estates, these have been surveyed, and the planted area is found to be 37,565 acres. To this must be added the purchase of 7,000 acres of planted rubber. By the end of the year we expect the planted area to be brought up to 47,000 acres. The output is estimated this year at 6½ million pounds. Without further purchases or planting to December 31, 1924, we should have a yearly average of over 9,000,000 lbs., and for the three years to December 31, 1927, a yearly average of over 15,000,000 lbs. The new mill for producing 80,000 lbs. of cotton material for tyres is progressing rapidly, and will find work for 3,000 workpeople, who will produce weekly at least 150 miles of cloth and canvas exclusively for this company's requirements. In addition, the company own the Nile Ross and J. Hoyle's, which provide employment for a further 2,200 workpeople, making, roundly, 5,200 workers employed in producing cotton fabric. The value of the mills to this company is incalculable. You must be pretty well satisfied with the value of your assets, and those who have the opportunity of subscribing at 30s. a share will get a cheap share. You must also be more than satisfied with the record of profit earned. Your present profit is more than sufficient for a large return on the whole preference and ordinary capital issued and now to be issued and reckoned as fully paid up.

Sir Henry Dalziel seconded the resolutions, and they were carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and the Directors terminated the proceedings.

The Week in the City

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

BUSINESS in the Stock markets was at a very low ebb at the beginning of the week, but things became a little brighter later on. In spite of the threatening outlook, selling on the part of the public is very small, and most of the activity is of a professional character. The gilt-edged market, however, after last week's firmness, has been inclined to give way, and some of the short-dated Government bonds stand at very tempting prices—a matter to which I refer below. The steadiness of the Home Railway section seems to indicate that the market is sold out. The notable success of the French Loan in New York—the lists were closed within an hour—gave a fillip to French bonds, but they have since fallen on the weakness of the Exchange. The more favorable outlook in Mexico has turned attention to Mexican securities and I do not think we have yet seen the end of the rise.

The steady decline in the New York exchange rate has caused some misgiving, but it is due to Continental buying of dollars, which is likely to continue until France has fully provided for the repayment of the Anglo-French loan. The national accounts for last week show a little improvement, an excess of over £5½ millions of revenue over expenditure enabling a reduction in the Floating Debt of over £4 millions to be made, Treasury Bills being reduced by £3 millions, and Ways and Means Advances by £1 million. Moreover, advances by the Bank of England were reduced by £3 millions, those by Public Departments being increased by £2 millions.

THE TRADE BALANCE.

The decrease in the totals of imports and exports shown in the Board of Trade returns for August as compared with July, are pointed to by some as being the harbinger of a serious trade decline, and made the excuse for gloomy forebodings as to prospects for the coming winter. In present circumstances it would indeed be rash to assume the rôle of prophet, but as far as the trade figures themselves are concerned, there is no ground whatsoever for pessimism. The visible adverse balance—less than £25 millions—is considerably larger, it is true, than the £8 millions recorded for July, but the latter figure was quite an abnormal one, and a more serious reaction might well have been expected. As it is, the August excess of imports of £25 millions compares with a monthly average of £43 millions for the first six months of the year, and £58½ millions for August, 1919. Moreover, the monthly average before the war, when prices were normal, was between £11 and £12 millions. The decline in the totals may be ascribed to the holidays. On the basis of recent Board of Trade estimates of "invisible" exports, to which I referred a week or two back, the real balance works out for August at £23 millions in our favor. From the exchange point of view a satisfactory feature of the returns is the large decrease as compared with August, 1919, shown in some of our imports from America; for example, imports from the United States of bacon and ham fell by £8½ millions, of raw cotton by £6½ millions, and of leather and leather manufactures by over £2 millions.

SHORT DATED GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

At a time like the present, when prospects in regard to the labor situation are problematical, to say the least of it, a steady investment buying in the gilt-edged market might be expected. But this week prices are being marked down, with the result that the investor who wishes to lock up his money temporarily is now offered the pick of some very choice and high-yielding British Government securities. Firstly, the five and three-quarter per cent. Exchequer Bonds issued in the spring are quoted at about .3 discount, and a holder who so desires may give notice next January for repayment in February, 1922, at par. If he does so he can

obtain a yield of close upon 8 per cent. for his investment, a large part of which is not subject to income tax. If necessary, on the other hand, the bonds can be held until 1925. Again, the various classes of National War Bonds are now offering attractive yields. The dates of redemption range from 1922 at 102 to 1928 at 105, and as they are mostly quoted at just over 95, the return is really handsome, taking into account the capital appreciation which is not liable to tax.

THE DUNLOP NEW CAPITAL.

The effect of the announcement at last Friday's meeting of an offer by the Dunlop Rubber Company of 3,000,000 ordinary shares of £1 each at 30s. on the Stock market quotation of the existing stock, has been rather curious. When the scrip bonus was announced in the middle of last month the shares were standing at 7½, but they have since fallen steadily and at the time of writing are in the neighborhood of 6½. What has brought about the decline it is not easy to see. Present shareholders will be entitled to take up the whole of the new issue. They are about to receive a bonus of three shares for every one now held, the holder of ten shares being thus entitled to subscribe for three shares in the forthcoming issue. The total ordinary capital will then be £13 millions, of which £7½ millions will represent capitalization of reserves and undivided profits. But in spite of this, the balance sheet should remain a thoroughly strong one, for the undervaluation of assets has been a regular policy of the directors in the past, and although the company has been venturesome, its operations have always been successful. It seems anomalous, therefore, that the shares should now stand at less than half the figure at which they were quoted earlier this year. The explanation is to be found in the fact that a larger proportion than usual of the holders of Dunlop shares during recent months were of the speculative class, having bought the shares on hopes of an even more generous capital policy than the directors have adopted. These folk have evidently now been getting rid of their holdings and leaving the shares to the real investing public.

THE NEW ISSUE REVIVAL.

The advance guard of the company promoting brigade has evidently returned to town, for this week several prospectuses are put before the public, and there are signs that the autumn campaign will soon be in full swing. The prospectus of the joint Corporation loan adds little to the details which I gave last week. Bristol is applying for £1,500,000, Brighton for £500,000, and Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Swansea for £1,000,000 each. The payment of the final instalment on the quadruple Corporation issue on Tuesday clears the field of this kind of issue, and the five towns are likely to have little difficulty in raising the required amounts. There has been some decline in the quotations of the numerous existing 6 per cent. county and municipal stocks since the opening of the lists. This may be due either to selling on the part of holders desiring to make use of the premiums, or a deliberate marking down on the part of jobbers to prevent their doing so. The Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company's offer of £800,000 8 per cent. debentures at 98 in undoubtedly a thoroughly well secured investment, and the lists were closed on Tuesday. The Burma Corporation 8 per cent. debentures for £1,000,000 are too speculative for the average British investor. Major & Company, coal tar distillers, which is issuing £100,000 in 8½ per cent. preference shares and £60,000 in ordinary shares, have a clear and fairly satisfactory prospectus, but T. H. Downing & Co., hosiery manufacturers, which issues £350,000 8 per cent. preference shares, is less attractive. The Namaqua River Lands Ltd. does not give sufficient information to attract the cautious investor.

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